

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 4,059

MARCH 15, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

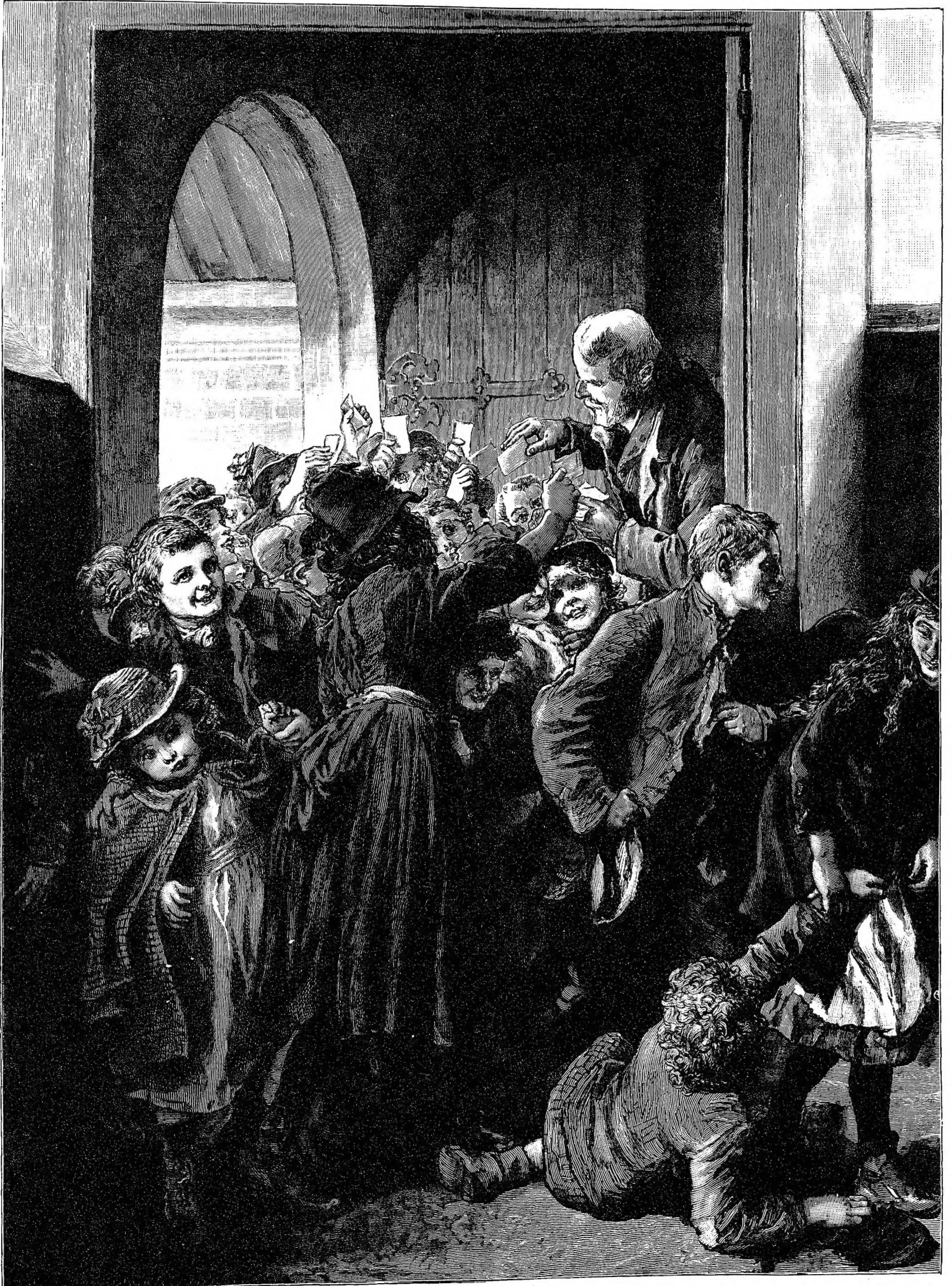
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 15. 1890

THIRTY-TWO PAGES

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FREE DINNERS TO POOR CHILDREN AT THE KING EDWARD'S MISSION, WHITECHAPEL—"BEFORE"  
THE RUSH FOR THE DOOR



## Topics of the Week

**LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL ON THE COMMISSION.**—The weary and dreary debate on Mr. Gladstone's Amendment was enlivened at the finish by the remarkable attitude assumed by Lord R. Churchill. The noble lord is nothing if not peculiar, and on this occasion, like the word "politics" in Count Smolstork's celebrated perversion of Mr. Pickwick's remark, he literally "surprised by himself," even converting friend Jennings into a foe. In his speech, Lord Randolph condemned the Commission up hill and down dale. It was unconstitutional in its inception, and impotent in its conclusion. The sole result of "this mountainous parturition" was "Pigott, Pigott, Pigott!" When a man of undeniable talent talks in this reckless random fashion, he is really not worth answering; yet perhaps the best justification for his strange harangue was that it drew from Mr. Chamberlain a sensible and effective reply, in which he showed that Lord Randolph was hopelessly wrong in his facts as to the original appointment of the Commission, and entirely unjustified in his estimate of its results. Of a truth the deviations of modern politics are surprising! Who would have thought five years ago to see Lord Randolph attacking a Tory Ministry, and Mr. Chamberlain defending it? Mr. Labouchere not unnaturally recommends that the two members should change places. But Lord Randolph will forfeit any reputation for wisdom which he still possesses if he should accept this advice. At present he occupies, for a man of his temperament, a fairly enviable position. The Tories are aware that he is an *enfant terrible*; they will scarcely again (unless he mends his ways) entrust him with high office; yet they treat him with good-humoured toleration. Should he, however, misled by the Parnellite cheers which accompanied every sentence of his speech, elect to go over to the other side, he will find that he has entered into the service of a hard and relentless task-master. If there was a window in the bosoms of some of the more eminent men who accompanied Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule excursion of 1886, Lord Randolph might see some surprising things. It cannot be comfortable to be allied with men whom you once detested; who have never shown any sign of contrition for the words and acts which caused you to detest them; and who now, though delighted to have your assistance, love you no better than they then did, and in their hearts despise you for your apostasy.

**M. JULES SIMON AT THE LABOUR CONFERENCE.**—The French Government is to be congratulated on the good sense it has displayed in appointing M. Jules Simon as the delegate of France at the Berlin Labour Conference. M. Simon is now an old man, but, like some other prominent old men of the present day, he has great vigour both of mind and body, and every one knows that he will discharge his duties efficiently and with dignity. He has no very extreme views as to the ways in which the problems of Capital and Labour should be solved. He has, however, cordial sympathy with the working classes; and his opinions with regard to the limitations which ought to be placed on the labour of women and children are those which long ago won the approval of the vast majority of Englishmen. The German Emperor is naturally pleased by the fact that France is to have so eminent a representative at the Conference. The idea of an international discussion of the wants and aspirations of workmen is one to which he attributes much importance; and he would have been bitterly disappointed if a "nobody" had been sent from Paris to Berlin. That would have meant that France either despaired of any good result from the Conference, or did not care to do anything to gratify the young Kaiser. M. Jules Simon's presence will afford a striking proof that serious Frenchmen are quite willing to act with Germany in matters of strictly human interest, and that they are not without hope that the Emperor's scheme may have some satisfactory consequences. That the Conference will succeed in effecting any very marked change in the position of the working classes we can scarcely venture to expect. But it is something that the questions which are so deeply stirring European society should be at least formally recognised and debated; and it is not impossible that the delegates may see their way to recommend the general adoption of the principle of our Factory Acts. That is an object worth striving for, and its importance is not likely to be underrated by so philosophic a statesman and economist as M. Jules Simon.

**MINERS' INSURANCE.**—The wholesale loss of life at the Morfa Colliery, following closely on the terrible explosion at the Llanerch pit, lends additional force to the contention of Mr. Bradlaugh and others that steps should be at once taken to establish a miners' insurance fund. So perilous is the nature of their calling that these men may be said to carry their lives in their hands every time they go below ground. The public only hear of the sensational accidents, such as those at Morfa and Llanerch. But it is far more the daily loss of life among pitmen that renders the absence of an insurance fund so lamentable. In these cases, there is no great public

subscription to provide a maintenance for the widows and orphans. They get a trifle from some friendly or benefit society, but, after that is spent, they have to shift for themselves. Even in the case of the great explosions which strike the public imagination, and through it get at the purses of the benevolent, great difficulty is often experienced in obtaining the sum required for permanent relief. The Llanerch subscription list is still, we believe, several thousands short of the amount estimated to secure the multitude of women and children from penury and semi-starvation; and now this second calamity will divert the stream of charity to the new and more pressing case. That there are difficulties to be overcome in establishing an adequate insurance fund is not to be denied, but they will not be surmounted by doing nothing beyond saying what a fine thing it would be. The most feasible scheme seems that which proposes to compel both colliery proprietors and pitmen to pay so much per month, the State adding a bonus in proportion to the amount so collected. It is said by some advocates of leaving things alone, that the knowledge that his family was provided for would make the miner even more careless than he is. An absurd argument—he could not be so if he tried.

**FLOGGING ARMED BURGLARS.**—In spite of weighty opposition from men of such experience as Lords Esher, Coleridge, Herschell, and Kimberley, Lord Molltown's Bill for flogging armed burglars passed the second reading in the House of Lords by a large majority. It is not likely, however, to attain a similar success in the Lower House; nor shall we regret such a result. We have no objection to the infliction of corporal punishment on certain kinds of criminals, but we hold that the penalty should be reserved for persons who are convicted of deliberate cruelty. Some years ago Parliament decreed that garotters should be flogged, not because of the robberies, but because of the brutal treatment which the robbers applied to their victims. Now there is nothing necessarily cruel about the profession of burglary. All that the burglar, whether armed or unarmed, asks is to be let alone while engaged in his operations. Should the householder or the police interfere with him, he may possibly shoot, or threaten to shoot; but it seems to us that he is far more likely to do so if the cat-o'-nine-tails is held in *terrorem* over him, because then a well-aimed shot may save him from the pain and ignominy of a scarred back. The people whom we should like to flog are the fellows who commit brutal assaults, all the more so because they are very often technically respectable persons—that is, not professional criminals. A sharp, short punishment like flogging would be a far more potent deterrent for such offences than imprisonment, and would not convey that peculiar stigma which often hinders men from getting employment. The arguments drawn from the abolition of flogging in the Army and Navy seem to us irrelevant in the discussion of this subject. Soldiers and sailors were flogged, not because their offences (from a civilian point of view) were very heinous, but because the nature of their profession involves immediate and unquestioning obedience. If we were plunged into a great war, we might find it necessary (on merciful grounds) to reintroduce the corporal penalty. Foreign Governments, which eschew flogging, often inflict punishments on their troops during active service which are really far more cruel than the "cat."

**RUSSIAN DESPOTISM.**—Some English politicians are eager that the British Government should protest against the outrages which are said to have been carried on lately in Siberia, and generally against the tyranny of Russian authorities. There is not, of course, the slightest danger that Lord Salisbury will do anything of the kind. If he did he would only be snubbed for his pains. But there can be no good reason why politicians in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility" should not say what they think about the thoroughly corrupt state of the Russian political system. It is possible that there may be some exaggeration in the horrid tales which have lately come to Europe from Siberian prisons, but there can be no doubt that in all parts of the Empire, and in Siberia especially, there are terrible abuses for which thorough remedies are urgently needed. On that point all the best and most trustworthy Russians are agreed, and a most admirable statement of the facts has just been submitted to the Czar himself by Madame Tshebrikova, who knew well what would be the inevitable result, so far as she was concerned, of an appeal to his sense of justice as a man and as a ruler. Every sentence in the letter of this courageous lady is true. That the Czar is personally to blame for all the despotism that goes on in his Empire no person of good sense would assert. It is simply impossible for him to be familiar with the details of administration in so vast a realm. So long as one man is nominally the centre of the Government power must necessarily be delegated to representatives of the Crown, and officials may often arrive at important decisions of which hardly anything is ever heard at St. Petersburg. What is wanted is that more power shall be given to the people themselves. Whether the time has come for a central Russian Parliament it is hard to say; but it is certain that in some way or other the Russians should receive the right to express freely their opinions as to the way in which they wish to be governed. How is it that the leaders of the English Liberal party are so very chary of dealing with this

question? There is no limit to their indignation when Turkish Pashas are accused of tyranny. About the ill deeds of Russian despots they are dumb.

**THE SOUDAN PROBLEM.**—Although not directly responsible for the deplorable condition of the Soudan, every Englishman whose mind recalls the history of the past decade must feel a sense of regret at what has come to pass. Had Gordon been supported in time, the northern and eastern provinces might have settled down by this time to peaceful vocations. The Soudanese are keen traders and industrious agriculturists, when those pursuits pay; shut off from them, the sons of the desert take to killing and plundering, for the lack of other employment. Khartoum, formerly so prosperous, is now a heap of ruins; Berber and Dongola no longer know the trader; the riparian tribes have been more or less "eaten up" by bands of hungry marauders. And so the news comes that "great distress prevails in the northern and eastern Soudan." That is a gentle way of putting the matter; when one hears of "great distress" in a country cut off from communication with the outside world, deprived of its commerce, and with agriculture in a state of suspended animation, the ugly word "famine" at once protrudes itself on the imagination. And famine it is, we suspect, of the old Asiatic type which is now preying upon the vast expanse of territory which Gordon hoped and tried to save from the fate which he foresaw. The fact that swarms of refugees are reaching Wady Halfa from the south will speak volumes to those who remember with what Irish tenacity the Soudanese cling to their miserable country. There would not be this exodus but for the pressure of starvation. The question—it is a serious one—is whether England could not do something more than she has yet done to promote friendly relations with the tribes on the Nile and along the Berber-Suakin road. If these could be won over by placing profitable employment in their way, the news would soon spread throughout the Soudan that white infidels are not half as black as they have been painted by Mahdist artists. Even if the effort failed, we could claim credit—which we cannot truthfully do at present—for having set our hands to a work of real humanity.

**TREES IN IRELAND.**—The English traveller who visits Ireland for the first time is usually struck by the bare, unwooded aspect of the country generally, compared with that which prevails in his native island. Yet there is nothing naturally uncongenial to the growth of trees in the soil and climate of Ireland, and in ancient times the country was covered with a luxuriant forest-growth. But, as has been the case in Southern Europe generally, the trees were recklessly hewn down to suit immediate convenience, and few systematic attempts at replanting were made. Where woods of considerable extent still prevail, it will generally be found that they exist on properties where the landowner or his predecessors have been wealthy enough and far-sighted enough to encourage woodlands, both for ornamental reasons, as a covert for game, and as a possible source of revenue in case of need. As a rule, peasant-proprietors are hostile to woods. The rate of profit to be derived from preserving them is too small and too slow to be attractive to needy men; therefore they call in the aid of the axe, and turn the timber into cash. A question asked a day or two ago in the House by Mr. Maurice Healy illustrates this tendency, and shows that Lord Ashbourne's Act may be the means of making the Green Island more treeless than ever. Lord Egmont recently sold his estate in County Cork, and disposed of his trees thereon to a timber-merchant; and not long ago it was stated that the woods of Aroca (concerning which Tom Moore carolled so sweetly) were to be cut down and manufactured into matches. Yet it is hard to see how such transactions can be prevented, unless the adjacent community agree to purchase these wooded tracts as public reserves. We may be pretty sure that if Lord Egmont had sold the land to his tenants, trees and all, the tenants would speedily have converted the trees into money.

**M. TISZA.**—This eminent Hungarian statesman has at last been obliged to succumb to the intrigues and open attacks of his opponents. The difficulty about Kossuth is only, of course, an excuse for his retirement. He promised to introduce a Bill providing for the repatriation of the famous exile; but when Kossuth went out of his way to repudiate allegiance to the Hungarian Crown, it was manifestly impossible for M. Tisza to take any further steps in the matter. Had Hungarian politics been following their normal course, so trivial a question would not have caused the slightest trouble. The truth is that the Liberals were tired of the Prime Minister who had led them for fifteen years; and he, seeing that he could no longer hold office with dignity, was glad to take advantage of a pretext for withdrawal. It is not very easy to say why so many of his old political friends have deserted him. The Army Bill which he forced through Parliament last year was extremely unpopular; but that alone would hardly have sufficed to destroy his influence, and on no other question of vital importance has he been at variance with the mass of those who were formerly his supporters. He seems to be in some sense the Aristides of Hungarian Liberalism. Having heard so much about his virtues, the Liberals began to be bored by the qualities they had admired, and thought they would like a change; and so he had to make way for a man of much



less striking ability. They are very far, however, from having heard the last of M. Tisza. A good many people were kind enough to suggest to him that he ought to retire to his estate, and devote his energies to the good of his tenants. M. Tisza declines to do anything of the kind. He proposes to retain his place in Parliament, and to befriend or oppose the Government in proportion as it acts upon or disregards his ideas; and it is almost certain that he will soon be once more at the head of a powerful and united party, for he is incomparably the most distinguished of Hungarian statesmen. In the mean time, no serious difficulty with regard to foreign policy is likely to spring up. The Liberals remain in office; and under Count Szapary, the new Premier, they will do nothing that could tend in any way to undermine or weaken the Triple Alliance.

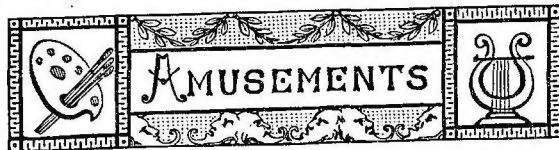
**THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.**—The Portuguese Government will be guilty of "biting off its nose to spite its face" if it allows pique at the Serpa Pinto incident to govern its conduct in the Delagoa Bay Railway. That a most unwarrantable act was committed by the confiscation of the line admits of no controversy. The Company had complied with every condition of the original contract, and would have complied with those afterwards added, had it been allowed sufficient time. But the Portuguese now turn deaf ears to all argumentation; having captured the railway by force, they evidently purpose to keep possession of their ill-gotten booty unless compelled to give it up. Once more they are trading upon the disinclination of England to proceed to extremities against a small and weak Power. They believe, no doubt, that the very fact of our having taken sharp action to stop Major Pinto's filibustering campaign will render us all the more disinclined to strike a second blow of a similar sort. In so judging us, the Portuguese judge rightly: there is, undoubtedly, a strong feeling in this country against exercising our rights to the full against such a puny Power. But the Lisbon Government may rest assured that the English sense of justice and honour is too keen to tolerate such a flagrant outrage as the seizure of the Delagoa Bay Railway. At present the dispute might, perhaps, be settled by giving liberal compensation to the dispossessed Company. Unfortunately, Senhor Ribiero does not seem at all disposed to fulfil the promises of his predecessor in that particular. He contends that it is the duty of the Company to sue as a humble suppliant; and, even if it did so, it might still find him as reluctant as ever to come to terms. There cannot be much profit in continuing negotiations with a Government so blind to self-interest. England had better formulate a specific demand for compensation, as the United States have already done, coupled with a plain intimation that either procrastination or refusal would be attended by very unpleasant consequences. That is the only sort of argument that brings conviction to the Iberian mind.

**JESSIE BROWN AND THE BAG-PIPES.**—Those who are old enough to recollect the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 will also probably recollect the appearance of the legend referred to in the above title. It is rather remarkable that the story was current in England long before it was generally heard of in India; indeed, it is said to have been first mentioned in the columns of a Jersey newspaper. Anyhow it took the public fancy amazingly. There was a spice of the preternatural and the romantic about it which greatly pleased many of the thousands of persons who had heard of the heroism and sufferings of that beleaguered handful of men, women, and children at Lucknow. It was with a thrill of pleasure that people listened to the tale of a woman who had been temporarily gifted with a preternatural sense of hearing, so that, before anyone else was aware of their approach, she heard the bag-pipes of the gallant Highlanders who were coming to relieve Lucknow. But, alas! for romance: as time went on and popular enthusiasm cooled, scepticism arose. The story was investigated, pronounced to be baseless, and was relegated to the regions of myth. Strangely enough, however, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the controversy has been revived, owing to the recitation of a poem on the subject at a London music-hall. Mr. Archibald Forbes appears wishful to believe the story, though he adduces no evidence beyond the supposition that the Highlanders might have had their bagpipes with them. Even if this were certainly established, it does not prove that one Jessie Brown heard the drone of the said pipes at a miraculous distance. But the impression of the present writer (who was in India at the time) is that the Highlanders had not their bagpipes. During that frightful crisis, soldiers were so scarce, that all musical instruments were packed away, and bandsmen converted into combatants. Nevertheless the story is a pretty one, and no doubt it will continue to have plenty of believers, for myths die very hard. The legend of the sinking of the *Vengeur*, with colours flying, and the crew shouting *Vive la République*, is still, despite the sneers of English disbelievers, a cardinal article of faith among patriotic Frenchmen of the less educated classes.

**ILL-USED ZULU CHIEFS.**—An influential Committee has been formed for the purpose, if possible, of securing justice for the Zulu chiefs who were lately condemned to long terms of imprisonment for having, as was alleged, attempted to subvert the authority of the Queen. It is denied that they made any such attempt, and no one who will take the

trouble to read the concise and lucid statement issued by the Committee can doubt that they have been very hardly dealt with. Dinuzulu, the son and successor of Cetshwayo, has especially bitter reason to complain of the very peculiar character of British justice as he has experienced it. First of all we allowed the Boers to rob him of a great tract of territory, which has now been formally incorporated with the Transvaal. Then, when he resented the brutal outrages of his enemy Zibebu, and tried to protect his people from attack, we accused him of rebellion; and the unfortunate young man and two of his leading friends and supporters were treated as common criminals. They were sent the other day to St. Helena; and Lord Knutsford seems to be of opinion that in thus disposing of them he has displayed most praiseworthy clemency. If, however—as the Zulu Defence Committee maintain—the three chiefs ought never to have been even tried, but should rather have been compensated for their injuries, it is obvious that a very serious wrong has been done. What is wanted is that the affairs of Zululand shall be thoroughly investigated by a Commission, in whose ability and impartiality all parties may have confidence. This is the object for which the Committee propose to work, and every one who cares for the maintenance of the best traditions of English policy must wish them all success in their undertaking. Let us know exactly, on the highest authority, how matters stand in Zululand, and then we may hope that justice will be done not only to the ill-used chiefs but to their people, whose only fault for many a day, so far as we are concerned, has been that they have trusted too implicitly in our wisdom and national sense of honour.

**STEEPLECHASING SENATORS.**—The somewhat untoward result of last year's House of Commons Steeplechase has not cooled the ardour of its promoters. Another cross-country race has been organised for the present Session, the conditions being the same as those which previously obtained. It is to be hoped, however, that all the horses will receive names before the start; there was a political savour of a disagreeable sort about the christening of Mr. Cyril Flower's horse, "Home Rule," after he had come in first. If the collective wisdom cannot get on without demonstrating that some of its members are good cross-country riders, that ambition had best be kept clear of party politics. Subject to this condition, the Commons might enlarge their sporting competitions. It would be derogatory to their dignity, no doubt, to hold a fistic display at the Pelican Club, not to speak of the possibility of the combatants doffing "the mittens," and going for another with their naked fists. Judging from some of the epithets lately hurled about in debate, something of the sort would be pretty sure to occur. But the House contains some accomplished golfers, tennis players, and cyclists, while at cricket and rifle-shooting it generally holds its own, and something more, against the Lords. Football would be, perhaps, too provocative; except croquet, there is no game which has such a special faculty for making the angry passions rise. But the other sports we have mentioned are free from irritating qualities, and might be safely included in the Commons programme of social amenities. They would have the advantage, too, over steeplechasing, that the competitors would have to depend for success on their own prowess alone. The cross-country rider only shares the glory of winning with his horse, and, although he makes the most talk over the achievement, it is generally the dumb partner in the firm to whom the chief credit is due.



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### FREE DINNERS FOR POOR CHILDREN

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Beecher Stowe has given a forcible illustration of the difference between the abstract and philosophical, and the concrete and practical ways of looking at a troublesome question. An honest and conscientious Congressman, after careful study of the Fugitive Slave Law, has come to the conclusion that if men are legally entitled to own slaves they are also entitled to recover their human property should it stray away. But when this Congressman is brought face to face with a poor, footsore, hungry, trembling, fugitive, he forgets all his fine theories, and aids and abets the escapee to get across the border into Canada. The same remark may be made about the Free Dinner Question. Many a worthy citizen, especially when his own dinner has rendered him genially talkative and argumentative, will

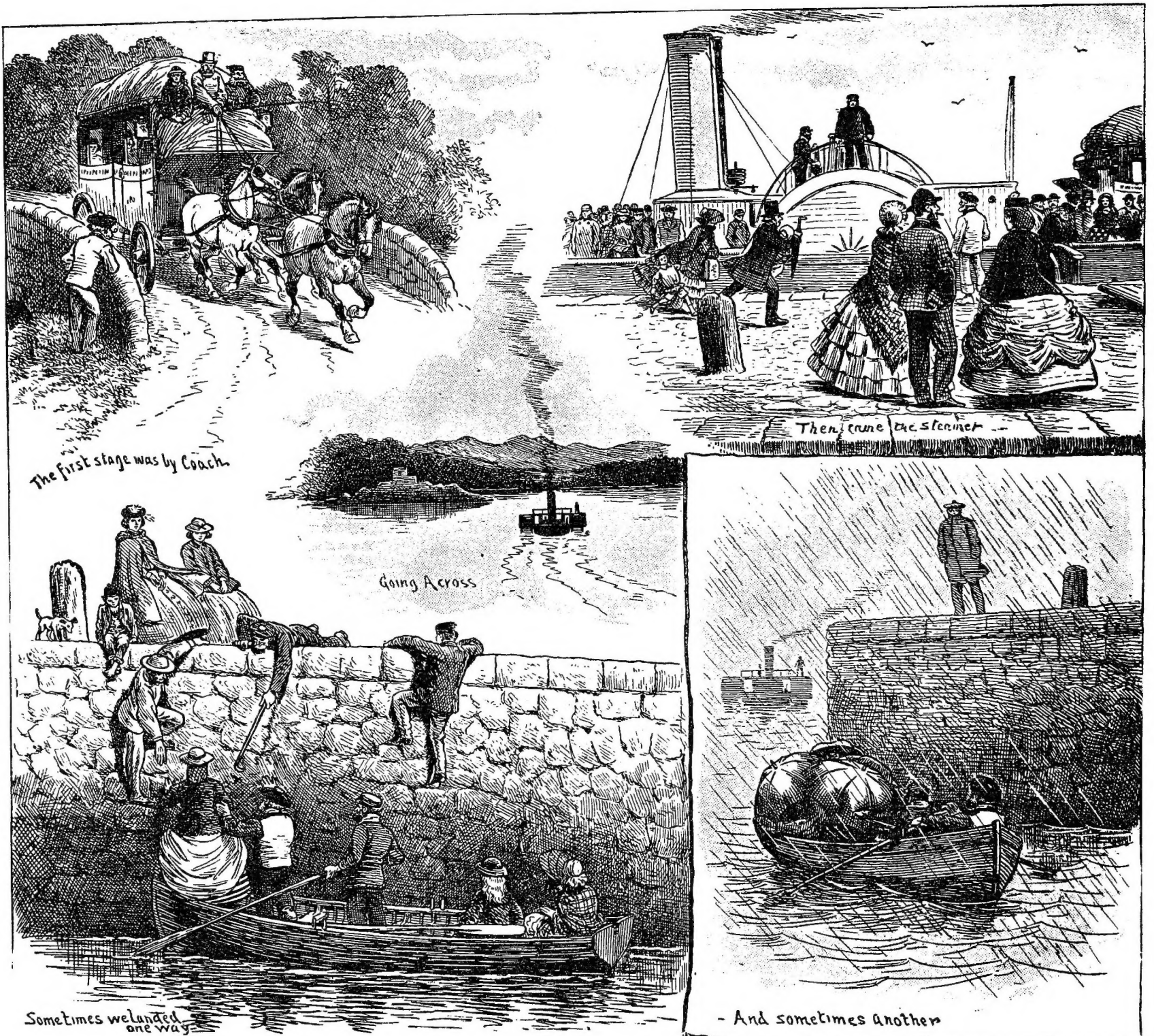


utter solemn warnings against the pauperisation of the lower classes by the transference to the shoulders of charitable strangers of the burden which the parents ought to bear. But introduce this worthy citizen to such a scene as is here delineated by Mr. Barnes's pencil, and, tincto one, his politico-economical doctrines, which are nevertheless perfectly sound, will melt away. He will say—perhaps not aloud, but at all events to himself—"We cannot wait until the problem of parental responsibility is solved; these poor, pale-faced children are hungry—they rarely get what I should call a good square meal—so hang political economy! let us feed them first, and moralise afterwards." In this manner the heart is wont



FREE DINNERS TO POOR CHILDREN AT THE KING EDWARD'S MISSION, WHITECHAPEL—"AFTER"  
Our Artist is discovered Sketching

to conquer the head, but it does not follow that the heart is always wise in its conclusions. There can be no doubt that, while conferring a temporary benefit on the children, we may, by our well-meant charity, only succeed in confirming the parents in habits of unthrift. The problem is a very difficult one to solve, and we will say no more about it now. Mr. Barnes's sketches were made at the King Edward's Mission, Whitechapel. The smaller engraving affords an admirable study of boy-nature. The lads, having finished their dinner, were experiencing a pleasant and, it is to be feared, unusual, sense of repletion, when they suddenly discovered that they were being "took" by the artist. He has skilfully seized their various expressions.



BEFORE THE FORTH BRIDGE EXISTED—CROSSING THE FORTH FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO





THE GUARDS' BURLESQUE "FRA DIAVOLO" AT THE CHELSEA BARRACKS  
"ZERLINA" (MISS ROSE HAWDON) PERFORMING THE "SHADOW DANCE"

H.M. PAGET



## CROSSING THE FORTH IN THE OLD DAYS

THE engravings here published are suggested by some very pretty sketches of the site of the present Forth Bridge sent to us by Mary L. Walrond, of Stratton Lodge, Cyprus Road, South Norwood Hill. They were taken some five-and-twenty years ago, when North Queensferry was a quiet, primitive little village, and when communication between Edinburgh and the North was carried on by means of a coach to Dunfermline, which was wheeled on board a steamboat at Queensferry, and so conveyed across the Forth. The island of Inchgarvie, which now forms the central support of the Forth Bridge, was fortified during the Napoleonic Wars. Previous to the reign of Charles II. the principal State prison was situated on the island. North Queensferry is remarkable as the place where Oliver Cromwell first encamped on crossing the Forth in 1651. At South Queensferry there is an inn, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary." To the east of the village are the grounds of Dalmeny, belonging to Lord Rosebery; and to the west the grounds of Lord Hopetoun. The chief charm of this latter residence is the exquisite prospect from the high terrace walk and other parts of the domain.

## THE GUARDS' BURLESQUE COMPANY

THIS company has now become a permanent institution, and the performances are eagerly anticipated. On March 6th the theatre in Chelsea Barracks reopened with the burlesque of *Fra Diavolo*, written by the late H. J. Byron, and revised "up to date" by Mr. W. Yardley. We need not here describe the piece in question, or attempt any detailed criticism. There was plenty of bright music (arranged by Mr. Edward Solomon) and clever dancing, while the stage during the greater part of the performance was occupied with a crowd of picturesquely-attired peasant-girls, and by stalwart Carabineers arrayed in the uniform worn by the Foot Guards in 1790. *Fra Diavolo* was cleverly played by Captain F. C. Ricardo; while Beppo, an Italian brigand from Whitechapel, and Giacomo, his colleague from the Seven Dials, were respectively impersonated by Mr. George Macdonald and Colonel H. Ricardo. Our engraving represents Miss Rose Hawdon, as Zerlina, the village belle, performing the Shadow Dance. Her graceful dancing and her coquettish manners contributed much to the success of the piece, which was played for several successive evenings. The performance of Tuesday, March 11th, was for the benefit of the Guards' Industrial Home, and on the 13th a *matinée* was given.

## GYMKHANA MEETING OF THE HONG KONG POLO-CLUB—THE FAI-TEE STAKES

THIS meeting took place on November 28th, having been postponed on account of bad weather. The Chinese coolies were much interested in the bagpipes of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, probably because to their ears the sound bears a very close resemblance to that produced by a common Chinese instrument, something like a flageolet. Within the enclosure almost the only people not English were the Chinese chair-coolies and the *mah-foos* (grooms). The chair-coolies cluster outside the Grand Stand, the balcony of which is occupied chiefly by ladies. The professional coolies were naturally highly interested in the Chair Races, which were the most amusing events in the programme. In the Fai-Tee Stakes the gentlemen amateurs appeared in regular coolie-costume. One of the riders borrowed his bagpipes from one of the Highland pipers; but they proved his destruction, for when his team came to grief just outside the winning-post, he sat on the ground playing his pipes, and deafening himself to the shouts of the judges, who were endeavouring to inform him that he had not passed the winning-post. In our picture the pipers have been accidentally omitted.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Charles E. Eldred, H.M.S. *Cordelia*, Hong Kong.

## THE CITY AND SOUTHWARK SUBWAY

THIS new means of intercommunication between the City and South London is now rapidly approaching completion. The original Act (1884) empowered its construction from King William Street, City, to the Elephant and Castle; but the company subsequently received permission to carry on the line to Clapham Road and Stockwell. The line is a double one; but each pair of rails is laid in a separate tunnel, the two tunnels, of course, running mainly in parallel lines. The City terminus is in King William Street, near the Monument. The railway is reached by a circular shaft, down and up which passengers will be conveyed by a hydraulic lift; or they can proceed by stairways, which are also provided. After passing beneath the Thames the successive stations are at Great Dover Street, Elephant, New Street, Kennington Oval, and Binfield Road, Stockwell. Hydraulic lifts and stairways will be provided at all the stations. The total length of the line is three miles and a quarter, and its two chief peculiarities are the great depth at which it lies beneath the surface, and the employment of electric locomotives. Each engine weighs about ten tons; and the motor, which is of the Edison-Hopkinson type, takes the current from a conductor carried on the wooden sleepers between the rails of the line. The subway is lighted by electric glow-lamps; the brake used will be the Westinghouse automatic; and there will be a three-minute service each way of trains of three coaches, each capable of carrying thirty-four passengers. The line, of which a satisfactory trial was made on March 5th, is expected to be open for traffic early in the summer.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 305.

## THE TUDOR EXHIBITION

See page 308.

## "MISGIVINGS—HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FORGE"

A SMALL BOY who goes for the first time to a blacksmith's shop, and sees how a horse is shod, is likely to be disquieted, if not actually terrified. His own shoes are put on with nothing more alarming than a shoe-horn, whereas this poor gee-gee patiently submits to have a red-hot piece of iron clapped on his foot, which sympathetically vomits forth flame and smoke, besides emitting an odour of burnt horn, most offensive to the nostrils. After they have left the forge, and the scene of terror has been succeeded by eager curiosity, the young lady in charge of our juvenile will probably be plied with a number of questions, and will, if she is capable of it, administer a short lecture in comparative anatomy, showing how great is the difference between the equine and the human foot, the former being, in fact, not a foot at all, but a prolonged great toe, armed by Nature with such a horny appendage as to be insensible to the rough shoe-surgery of the smithy.

## "HIS FIRST LEVÉE"

MR. GILLARD GLINDONI's picture, which is based on a sketch by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster R.N., is self-explanatory. In preference, therefore, to attempting any description of it, we will borrow a few remarks about Levées, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. No ladies can attend Levées, but men who have been "presented" at a Levée can attend the Drawing Rooms. The Queen, however, discourages this, and requests that no men will come to the Drawing Rooms unless they accompany

ladies. Those who wish to attend a Levée must first get some one to present them. This is usually done by some one of superior position in the same profession or avocation as the presentee. Soldiers and sailors choose their commanding officer, barristers a judge, M.P.'s one of their leaders, and so forth. But, besides this, permission must be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office to attend the Levée, and this permission is not necessarily granted. Americans are in this respect better off than our own countrymen. There are two species of the latter, the old Court dress and Levée dress. The latter consists of a dark blue single-breasted dress-coat with gilt buttons, gold embroidered collar and cuffs, and white waistcoat, white tie, and cocked hat. With this costume, the wearing of a sword is optional. On Levée days the Prince of Wales wears the uniform of the First Life Guards, of which he is Colonel. The ceremony takes place in the Throne Room at St. James's Palace. This apartment looks south over the gardens, and is handsomely but antequely furnished.

## THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ZETLAND

THE RIGHT HON. SIR LAWRENCE DUNDAS, third Earl of Zetland, was born on the 16th of August, 1844, and educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. For a time he served as Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, he was formerly Captain of the Yorkshire Hussar Yeomanry Cavalry, and now commands the 6th Volunteer Brigade of the North Riding Division of the Royal Artillery. He is a J.P. for the North Riding, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Stirlingshire, and for a year or two, previous to 1873, when he succeeded his uncle in the earldom, represented Richmond (Yorks) in the Liberal interest. His lordship is best known, however, by his connection with the Turf. He is a prominent owner of racehorses and a much respected member of the Jockey Club. It can hardly be doubted that this characteristic was not lost sight of by the Government when, on the retirement of Lord Londonderry last July, they appointed Lord Zetland Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Irish love to have a sportsman to rule over them. Our portrait (from a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin) represents him in his robes as Grand Master of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, a post which the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland holds *ex officio*. It is worthy of note in these days that the collar of the Order consists of alternate roses and harps tied together with knots of gold, and that the motto is "Quis Separabit?" If a Lord-Lieutenant is to gain a full measure of popularity in Irish society one thing is needful—he must have a handsome wife. And in that point Lord Zetland lags no whit behind his predecessors. The Countess—whose portrait (from a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin) speaks for itself—was Lady Lilian Selina Elizabeth Lumley, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough. She was married on the 3rd of August, 1871, and has four children.

## ON THE WAY TO THE GOLDFIELDS

See page 310

NOTE.—In the account of the collision between the steamers, which we illustrated last week, several inaccuracies crept in, owing to the photographs having reached us without any details. One of the colliding steamers was the *Torridon*, not the *Toreador*, and she is owned by Messrs. James Gardiner and Co., of Glasgow, not by Messrs. Oliverson, Aukland, and Co. The *Torridon* was picked up by the *Elfrida*, and assisted into Slade Bay; she was afterwards taken into Waterford by the tugs *Ballycotton* and *Flying Fox*, and later on towed by two other tugs to Liverpool for repairs.—For our engravings of the Centennial Hall at Sydney last week we are indebted to the *Sydney Mail*.

THE BENGAL ARMY.—Colonel F. H. Tyrrell, 32nd Madras Infantry, writes as follows:—"The system of forming regiments of native troops 'equipped and drilled after the European fashion' was not initiated in the Bengal Presidency. Such troops were first raised by the French at Pondicherry about the year 1745, and soon after, in imitation of them, by the English at Madras. Madras Sepoys fought under Clive at Arcot some years before he went from Madras to Calcutta to take vengeance on the Nawab Siraj ud Daula for the atrocity of the Black Hole. On that expedition he took Telinga Sepoys with him from Madras, and it was these Sepoys who fought at Plassey, and who formed the nucleus round which the Bengal Native Army was raised. For long afterwards the people of Northern India called all Sepoys by the name of Telingas. The present First Madras Infantry dates from the year 1758; the oldest Bengal Infantry regiment dated from 1763; and the first Bombay Sepoy regiments were raised a few years later."



THE end of the dreary, dragged-out debate on the Report of the Parnell Commission proved to be a succession of surprises. The House entered Wonderland on Friday in last week, when Mr. Jennings, unexpectedly appearing on the scene, gave notice of his intention to move an amendment declaring it the duty of the House to record its condemnation of the conduct of those responsible for the accusations of complicity in murder brought against members of the House, discovered to be based on forged letters, and declared by the Special Commissioners to be disproved. This he proposed to add to Mr. Smith's resolution, which simply directed that the Report of the Commissioners should be entered on the journals of the House. Such an amendment, at such a time, coming from the Conservative side, would have been a striking event. But it was generally understood—though here again surprise was in store for the House—that Mr. Jennings was the mouthpiece of Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph, it was surmised, did not care to put himself in the forefront of the fray, but had equipped his lieutenant and friend with this amendment, and would in due time appear in the lists to support it.

That was the first surprise of the sitting, and it probably had something to do with one that presently followed it. After a speech by Mr. Justin McCarthy in continuation of one opened on the previous night, the debate again fell into the hands of the lawyers. Sir Henry James delivered one of those prodigious speeches, two hours long, of which Mr. Gladstone set the earliest example, followed by the Attorney-General and Sir Charles Russell. It was bad enough to begin with, but at this epoch, after a week's incessant talk, Sir Henry James was not the man to succeed in holding the attention of the wearied House. Mr. Asquith, who followed, did twice as well, probably because his speech was only half as long. When the Member for East Fife resumed his seat, Mr. Charles Hall, another lawyer, took up the running, speaking to almost empty benches. Members, sick at heart with the whole affair, had gratefully gone off to dinner, and those dining in the House were not to be called back by the tintinnabulation of the bell that heralded a count.

It was Mr. Halley Stewart who was responsible for the catastrophe. Having no other desire than to obtain an audience for a

friend, Mr. Stewart, treading in the steps of the lamented Mr. Biggar, moved a count, believing that the House would thereupon fill, and hoping that some who came to be counted would remain to hear. But the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" had been raised once too often. There were plenty of members within the precincts of the House, who, if they had come in, would have made a quorum. But everybody—all but thirty-five—left it to some one else, and thirty-five being five short of a quorum, the House forthwith (it being a quarter to nine) adjourned. Counts-out are not infrequent; but diligent research has found no precedent for a count-out in the course of an important debate on a motion presented from the Ministerial benches.

When the House met on Monday, Ministers were promptly brought to task for this blunder, or, as some would have it, this worse than blunder. According to the Rules of the House, the debate had become a lapsed Order, to be reinstated only by a specific motion made from the Treasury Bench. This Mr. Smith moved; whereupon the flood gates of indignant protest, always kept ready oiled on the Opposition benches, were opened, and the Stranger in the gallery might well have thought that the Constitution had been imperilled. In the end, mollified by an assurance that still another day should be given to a discussion the interest in which had been so singularly demonstrated on Friday night, opposition was withdrawn, and the debate once more set a-going.

Mr. Sexton, who had enjoyed frequent opportunities of delivering his speech in unoccupied hours of the previous week, had held himself back till what was generally regarded as the last night of the debate, when it is customary for the giants to step into the arena. Having secured the first place, he availed himself of the opportunity with merciless rapacity. The Attorney-General had spoken for two hours. Mr. Gladstone had slightly exceeded that unconscionable period. For Mr. Sexton nothing less than two hours and three-quarters would serve! The friends of the Ministry watched the performance with annoyance modified by the consideration that Mr. Sexton was, as the Americans say, giving himself away. As Lord Randolph Churchill showed on the next day, a weighty and conclusive speech can well be compressed within the limits of an hour. Mr. Gladstone, alone of living men, can justify an effort to fill up two consecutive hours of debate in the House of Commons, and on Monday every one felt that if he had knocked off half an hour his oration would have been strengthened. But for Mr. Sexton the opportunity was irresistible. A full House, the civilised world supposed to be listening at the door, and an illimitable supply of verbiage at hand. The temptation was too strong for human vanity, and so Mr. Sexton sacrificed his cause to his speech.

One result of this outrage upon the decencies of Parliamentary debate was to throw the whole arrangements out of gear. Mr. Balfour had proposed to speak before dinner, and by a fair division of time would have left Sir William Harcourt as spokesman of the Opposition an opportunity to rise immediately after dinner. But Mr. Sexton's grabbing up of the earlier hours of the sitting drove Mr. Balfour off till the final stage of the sitting, whilst poor Sir William Harcourt did not find his opportunity till almost upon the stroke of midnight, and was grievously embarrassed in the delivery of a carefully prepared speech by the impatience of members, not now accustomed to be kept in after midnight. On this night a stage of the dreary journey was reached by a division on Mr. Gladstone's amendment, which was rejected by 339 votes against 268, bringing, after a pitched battle, the Ministerial majority down to 71.

There now remained Mr. Jennings' amendment. One stood in the name of Mr. De Lisle, but, as events showed, it was not of a kind that any member would care to second, and accordingly it fell stillborn. But Mr. Jennings' amendment was a different thing, and it was approached with keen interest on both sides, no one in wildest flight of fancy guessing what lay behind it. The first surprise was given when Lord Randolph Churchill rose immediately the debate was resumed. It was understood that he would appear on the scene after Mr. Jennings had moved his amendment. But Lord Randolph had something serious to say, and was not inclined to be put off till some indefinite period, perhaps the dinner hour, when the audience would be scattered. Here was the House crammed from floor to galleries. For a man who had a splash to make there was not likely to be a fuller opportunity of deep-water. So Lord Randolph plunged in. By confining his remarks to the main question raised by Mr. Smith's resolution, he was in order.

Speaking with unusual gravity of manner, assisted by notes which indicated careful preparation, he delivered one of the most violent, not to say outrageous, attacks the Government had suffered from in the long foray. He condemned the appointment of the Special Commission root and branch, tracing from its inception all the troubles that gathered round the Ministry and the Conservative Party. That this was no new conviction, no evidence of wisdom after the event, Lord Randolph was able to show by citation of a written memorandum he had handed to the Cabinet when the Commission was first proposed. This speech, hailed with loud cheers by the Irish members, was listened to in chilling silence on the Conservative benches. It proved too strong even for Mr. Jennings, who, unwilling to follow Lord Randolph in this open declaration of war, declined to move the amendment of which he had given notice. Then Mr. Caine picked it up and carried it to a division, 259 voting for it, 321 against, a further reduction of the majority to 62. After this no more fight was left in the House, Mr. Smith's resolution was agreed to, and the incubus, temporarily at least, removed, the House has through the remainder of the week quietly set itself about the country's business.

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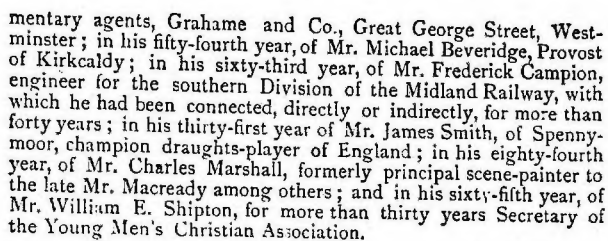
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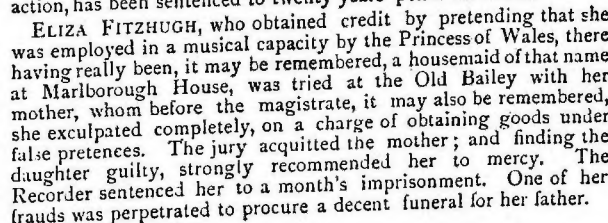
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OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his sixty-seventh year, of General Julius E. Goodwyn, Colonel 41st (the Welsh) Regiment; of Major-General Alexander Mackenzie, who entered the army half-a-century ago, and was severely wounded when serving with Havelock's Column during the Indian Mutiny; in his seventy-first year, of Admiral Maitland-Douglas; in his seventy-sixth year, of Vice-Admiral Arthur L. Mansell; in his seventy-third year, of the Rev. James B. T. Landon, Canon of York; in or about his eighty-second year, of Canon Hopwood, many years Rector of Winwick, one of the richest livings in Lancashire; in his eighty-second year, of Sir Peter Coats, head of the great Paisley firm of thread manufacturers, who was knighted in 1869; of Captain R. D. Anstruther, Governor of H.M. Prison, Pentonville; in his eightieth year, of Mr. Alexander Grahame, head of the well-known firm of Parlia-



A FLOWER GIRLS' BRIGADE.—A very well-meaning effort is on foot just now, we learn from *The Daily Graphic*, to organise a brigade of flower-sellers, who should wear an uniform and enjoy fixed rates of pay. Several efforts to amend the condition of this class have been made since the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury first took up their cause, but without any very signal success. There is nothing to prevent the girl with a few shillings capital from embarking in the precarious trade, and it is probable that any little regiment of these young women would meet with rough treatment at the hands of their unorganised sisters. Perhaps the best way in which they have yet been helped is at the Clerkenwell Mission, under Mr. Groom, where they are taught the pretty trades of artificial flower-making, and other useful, womanly crafts, with a view to removing them altogether from the streets with their temptations and hardships.

We are glad that public attention is again being drawn to this subject in all its bearings. When its importance is thoroughly understood there can be no doubt that greater safety to human life will result. The tremendous speed now attained by some of our Atlantic steamers calls for increased perfection in every department of the service.

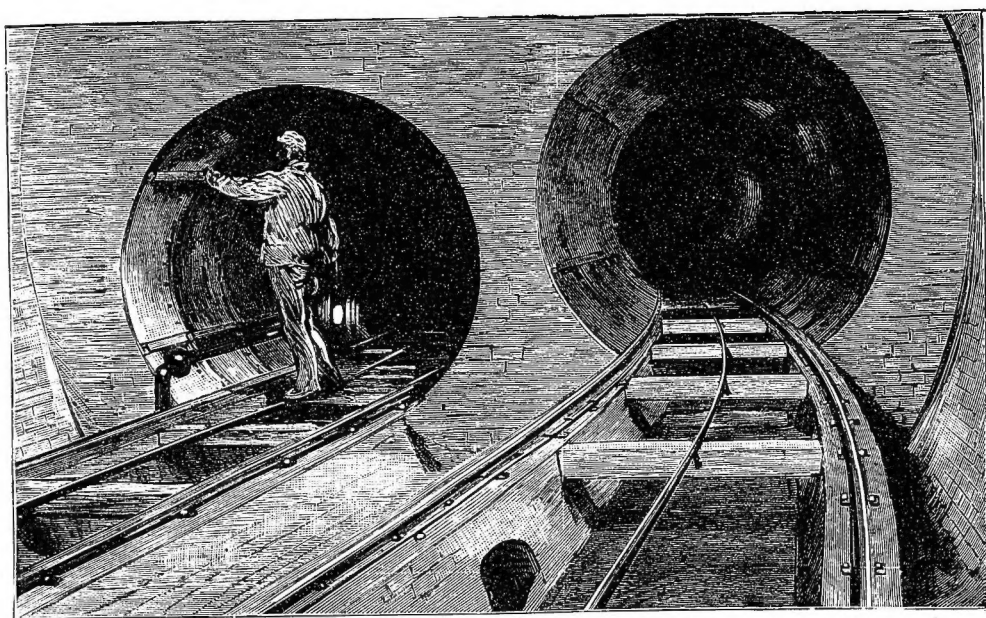
J. A. S.

JAPAN does not take altogether kindly to her new Constitution and the organisation of her first Parliament—which meets in May—arouses considerable agitation. The Buddhist priests in particular object to being excluded from the House of Representatives, and have petitioned the Emperor to remove their political disabilities. They urge that as they are liable to military service, like their fellow-subjects, they ought to possess similar political rights. It is generally believed that the steady increase of Christianity throughout the Empire has inspired the priests with this protest, as they hope, if admitted, to be strong enough in Parliament to get Christianity forbidden by law.

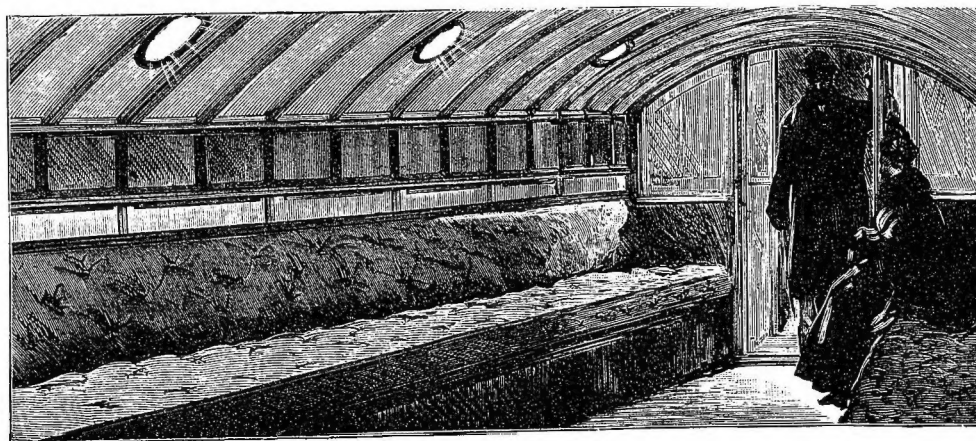




GYMKHANA RACES OF THE HONGKONG POLO CLUB—THE FAI-TEE STAKES



THE UP AND DOWN TUNNELS



INTERIOR OF A CARRIAGE



SHAFT OF THE LIFT WHICH CONVEYS PASSENGERS TO THE RAIL LEVEL

THE LONDON AND SOUTHWARK SUBWAY





DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

She was keeping them all in play with the adroitness and ease of an Indian juggler with a handful of balls.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

"This is the young lady," said Mrs. Hawkins, leading Lucy up to Madame Leroux.

Lucy bowed nervously; but the elder woman, instead of returning her salutation, stood gazing at her with a singular, dreamy, far-away look, as if she were lost to all around her.

It passed in a few seconds, however, and gave place to a glance of cool inspection. "You have no experience, I think? You have never taught?" she said.

"No, madame; but I am most anxious to do my best. With a little direction, I think I shall soon be able to—"

"Oh, I dare say you will; the duties are not very difficult. Fraulein Schulze will put you in the way." Then, with another thoughtful look at the girl's downcast face, she turned away. "Where does she come from?" she asked abruptly of Marie.

"From Eastfield—no, Westfield—a village somewhere in the Midland counties. Her uncle, or uncle-in-law, is Adolphe's cousin—a Mr. Shard."

Marie did not very accurately remember, if she had ever been told, the exact nature of Lucy's connection with the Shards, which she would have considered practically unimportant. The amount of the percentage she would be able to secure for herself out of the premium was important; and as to that she was perfectly clear.

"Ah! *Bien!*" said Madame Leroux, passing her hand over her forehead once or twice, with the action of brushing something away. After that, she took no further notice of Lucy throughout the evening; seeming, indeed, to forget her existence altogether.

Lucy was thus free to watch her unobserved, which she did with a strange mixture of feelings. She was vexed with herself for not being more elated at her success; and yet—it had all come about so differently from what she had expected. Her chief anxiety had been caused by the doubt whether her acquirements would reach the standard required by the mistress of a "first-rate finishing school," as Mr. Hawkins described it. But all that part of the business had been passed over, as if it were of trifling consequence. To be sure, Mrs. Hawkins had guaranteed her efficiency; but she remembered that, in discussing various schools, Mrs. Hawkins had by no means seemed to think that her unsupported recommendation would suffice to secure an engagement in any of them.

"Well, certainly," said Lucy to herself, at length, "it is absurdly perverse to be discontented because I have succeeded too easily!" And she resolved to be duly thankful and content.

But such resolutions are more easily made than kept.

She was conscious of a little sinking of the heart when she contrasted—as she could not help doing—the idea she had formed beforehand of the accomplished and clever head of a first-rate school with the reality before her. She had never imagined any one even distantly resembling Madame Leroux. Madame was a great deal more brilliant, a great deal more handsome, possibly a great deal more clever—but she was not Lucy's ideal schoolmistress.

Then, too, the question kept persistently recurring to her mind—ever since she had read the signature to the letter—could this lady, who called herself Caroline Graham Leroux, be the same Caroline Graham of whom Miss Feltham had talked to her at Enderby Court? Her mind inclined, now to an affirmative, now to a negative, answer, but rested satisfied with neither. Caroline Graham, although not so common as—as Lucy Smith, for instance—was not so unusual a name but that it probably was borne by a great many women having no connection with each other. And yet she could not help fancying that some touches in Miss Feltham's description seemed to apply to this lady. When she remembered these, she shrunk from admitting the possibility that the *demoiselle de compagnie* and her own future employer might be one and the same person. And yet, on the other hand, Caroline Graham must surely have had some fine qualities to draw forth so emphatic a tribute of regard as Lady Charlotte had uttered at Sir Lionel's table.

Over and over again she told herself that she would not trouble her head with any more speculations on the subject; and over and over again the question returned with the persistence of a haunting tune.

At length she suddenly resolved to ask Mrs. Hawkins if she had ever heard Madame Leroux speak of the Earl of Grimstock or his family. She put her question very quietly, speaking close to Mrs. Hawkins's ear; but that lady looked round quietly to see if Madame Leroux were listening, as she answered:—

"Tchut! don't talk about them to her. Madame hates the sound of their name!"

"Hates the sound of their name?"

"Yes, they behaved very badly to her when she was a young girl—turned her out of the house, and maligned her, and—"

"Oh, indeed, that is not true! There is some mistake!" exclaimed Lucy impulsively.

"Oh, I'm positive there was something of the kind. *Il y avait des histoires.* But I know nothing about it. I was a child at the time. Only I remember that Caroline wrote to people she knew in

Paris, where my family were living at the time, making out her own case. But do you know Lord Grimstock?" added Mrs. Hawkins, looking at her with mild curiosity.

She did not display much surprise. Strong emotions were not in Marie's line. One of the traits in her, which many persons found most captivating, was the innocent serenity of her manner. It was far from being dull or stagnant; but reminded one of the cheerful course of a clear, shallow little brook, which ripples and breaks itself now and again against some weed or pebble, just sufficiently to escape monotony, and to catch the play of the sunbeams. Such, at least, was the impression made on strangers, particularly on strangers of the male sex—unless, indeed, they happened to be creditors anxious for the payment of a long standing bill, in which case they were liable to find Mrs. Hawkins's graceful *insouciance* rather unsympathetic.

"No; I do not know Lord Grimstock," answered Lucy, with a pained, perplexed expression on her face. "But I know some one—I was told—a lady who had been governess in the family—"

"Ah! You should not attach any importance to that sort of thing, my dear Miss Smith! Generally people's stories are not true. And if they are, it generally doesn't matter."

It was hopeless to attempt any further explanation to, or expect any further elucidation from, Mrs. Hawkins. Lucy had heard enough to make her feel sure that Madame Leroux was the Caroline Graham who had once lived as a petted favourite in the Gaunt household.

But how could it be that she should "hate the sound of their name," while Lady Charlotte made it a point of honour to praise her devotion to the family?

It was perplexing beyond measure. Lucy could not content herself with Mrs. Hawkins's philosophy. But the advice which that lady presently gave her was doubtless sound; and had at least this merit—by no means common to all friendly council—that it was possible to follow it.

"Listen, Miss Smith," Marie had said amiably. "I will give you a valuable hint. Madame Leroux demands; above all things, discretion in her subordinates. You are not likely to spread *can-can* in the school. You have too much sense. That kind of thing is not only vulgar, but *bête*. But I would advise you to say as little as possible about Madame, good or bad. It is so safe to hold one's tongue! and so easy! But I grant that if one once begins to talk, it is not at all easy to stop short just at the right point."



Lucy glided back to her place near Fatima. "Well, what do you think of her now?" asked the latter, with her eyes fixed on Madame Leroux. "She seems to have most brilliant spirits. I had scarcely imagined that a schoolmistress with all her weight of responsibility could be so merry! But I suppose she enjoys getting out of school as much as any of her pupils."

"Oh, yes," answered Fatima, bitterly. "No doubt she will be very different in Douro House, Kensington, to-morrow. She has a daylight manner, as well as a daylight face."

"I wish," said Lucy, to change the subject, "that Mr. Frampton Fennell would give us the conclusion of his lecture on criticism. I think he is very amusing. But surely he must be more than half in joke most of the time!"

"Neither Fennell nor any of the other men will trouble themselves to amuse us while Madame Leroux is here. She will take care of that. Just look! None of them are taking the least notice even of Marie."

Madame Leroux was seated at the opposite side of the room in a low chair near the fireplace. On the hearthrug in front of the empty grate, and with his elbow on the mantelpiece, stood Mr. Frampton Fennell, conspicuously absorbed in looking at and listening to her; to her right hand, and a little behind her chair, sat Harrington Jersey, next to the sofa on which his hostess was placed, and facing Madame, were Mr. Hawkins and Zephyr, the latter still resting his arms on the back of his chair, and still gravely regarding Madame Leroux.

She was keeping them all in play with the adroitness and ease of an Indian juggler with a handful of balls. She no more allowed the attention of any one of the four men to wander from her than the Indian's lithe hand allows one of his glittering globes to fall to the ground. Now and then one might seem to be on the point of eluding her; but she was sure to catch him with triumphant dexterity, and to give him a graceful toss into the air, which made him fancy he was flying by his own impulse.

It was a curious game for a disinterested spectator to watch. But poor Fatima looked on with a sick sinking of the heart, for she had suffered from it. A year ago she had fancied that Jersey cared for her. Perhaps it was his naturally soft and caressing manner towards women which had misled her; perhaps he had really felt some tenderness for the girl, whose amiable and unselfish temper he had had many opportunities of appreciating, and whose undisguised and admiring belief in his talents was certainly very agreeable. Poor little Fatima had allowed herself to fall over head and ears in love with the good-humoured Irishman; and, for a while, was perfectly happy in her day-dream.

But one day, Madame Leroux chancing to meet Jersey at the Hawkins's, all Fatima's cloud-castles were shattered and dispersed with ruthless celerity.

"I wouldn't mind—at least, I wouldn't complain," said Fatima, to herself, "if it were a question of his happiness. But she cares not a straw for him. She has taken him away from me—for I think he did like me—just to gratify her insatiable vanity. And when once that is accomplished, she will never give a second thought to either of us!"

But all these things Fatima proudly kept in her own heart, and spoke no word of them. Untrained, untutored, living among unscrupulous people and shifty ways, she yet was sound at the core; and had wholesome womanly instincts. And although she frequently outraged the conventional proprieties, there was not a man in all her miscellaneous acquaintance who would willingly have offended Fatima by so much as a light word.

Peals of laughter now broke from the group near the fireplace, where the rest of the company had become the mere spectators of a sort of duel between Madame Leroux and Zephyr. Zephyr had been giving her his attention, it was true; but she was sensible that it was not a wholly admiring attention. He remained inflexibly grave at many of her sallies. He was cool, quiet, and critical. Caroline Leroux's mettle was roused. Ruthlessly audacious, archly playful, airily vivacious—"everything by turns, and nothing long"—she addressed herself to extract a compliment from him, to extort a laugh, to compel him to admire her on some ground or other, no matter what.

Gradually his icy manner thawed; he grew warm in the contest; she provoked him to answer her sharply once or twice, and then made as if she were mortified by his harshness. She assumed such an air of being hurt, humbled, and out of countenance at his superiority in word-fence, that he felt into the trap, and began to relent, to apologise, to soften what he had said. Upon this, she suddenly turned round with feline swiftness, and administered two or three pitiless *coups de patte*, in the shape of sarcastic mockery; her eyes dancing, her red lips smiling in triumph.

It was so clever, so unexpected, so frankly audacious, that Zephyr, after a second's pause of dismay, burst into a genuine, almost boyish, laugh. He got up from his chair and kissed her hand.

"Madame," said he, "I beg for quarter! You are invincible and irresistible."

At this moment supper was announced, and Mr. Hawkins advanced to offer his arm to Madame Leroux; but she declined, she would accept no escort but Zephyr's. They all rose together, laughing and talking.

Madame Leroux put her arm through Zephyr's, and turned her head coquettishly over her shoulder to speak to the others, who were following in her wake.

"It's just like that delightful picture of Carpaccio's that I once saw in a little out-of-the-way church in Venice," she said. "Saint George has subdued a basilisk—such a queer, grim, tragicomical monster!—and holds him in a leash; and one sees that the saint is a great deal prouder of his capture than he would have been of the beautifullest beast in creation. When one has bagged a basilisk, one holds him tight."

"And one lashes him hard," added Zephyr.

The whole party descended the stairs in unceremonious disorder; and the two girls remained behind in the drawing-room absolutely forgotten.

Lucy looked at her companion. "Do you think they mean us to have any supper?" she said, quietly. "Shall we go?"

To her surprise, the tears were standing in Fatima's eyes, and she exclaimed, reproachfully—

"Oh, to think of Zephyr! The idea of his breaking down and condescending to flatter her!—and he knows better! Then she muttered, in a lower tone, "I think the woman is a witch!"

But the next moment her face brightened wonderfully, for Harrington Jersey appeared at the door.

"Fatima! Miss Smith!" he called. "What are you doing here? I am sent to bring you downstairs."

"We were coming," answered Lucy. "Please to take Fatima, Mr. Jersey. There is not room for us to go together; I will follow."

To Jersey it mattered very little which of the two girls he escorted; but when Fatima looked up at him, radiant with delight, as she placed her hand on his coat-sleeve, he was touched, and said—

"We haven't had a chat together this—ever so long, have we, Fatima? You must sit next me. It will be quite like old times."

The supper was an excellent one. Marie had taken the matter into her own hands; and when she did so, the question of expense

was never allowed to interfere with enjoyment. Indeed she held it, moreover, to be a sound maxim of domestic economy, "that you have eaten and drunk, your creditors cannot deprive you of!"

As the wine went round, Mr. Hawkins waxed eloquent on the extraordinary fortunes that were to be made, with a sum of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds to start with; and bemoaned the "cursed spite" of Fate which seemed to have ordained that the people who knew how to speculate never should have any money, while the people who had money never understood how to speculate. Jersey became more tender in his manner to her Fatima, and dropped his voice lower and lower as he talked into her willing ear. And even Mr. Fennell was impelled to bestow so much attention on his neighbour, Lucy, as consisted in addressing a good many profound observations to her, which no one else appeared to be at leisure to listen to.

"I presume," said he, adjusting his eye-glass, and assuming a lofty air, "that you have not read much poetry."

"Why?" asked Lucy, demurely.

"Oh? Why—what?"

"Why do you presume that I have not read much poetry?" As Mr. Fennell had really had no reason on earth for saying so, beyond his vague and general notion that whosoever he happened to be conversing with would probably be in a position to require enlightenment from him, he was a little taken aback at this.

"Oh—well!—ahem!—young ladies of your age are not generally—However, I was about to remark that the distinct degradation of our literature in general, and our poetry in particular, is to be traced to the lax and weak indulgence of the critics."

"Is it, indeed? But then one cannot help asking 'are literature and poetry in so very degraded a state?'"

"As to that, there cannot be a doubt."

"Oh!"

"Not the shadow of a doubt. Imagine a fellow like the man at the other end of the table publishing a volume of poems!"

"Mr. Jersey? Oh, yes; I know. They are only little *vers de société*, 'Songs of the Tea-Kettle?'"

"Well, I assure you, Miss—a—Miss—"

"Smith."

"Exactly! I assure you, Miss Smith, that that wretched little volume is full of errors in taste, in syntax, in prosody!"

Lucy was tempted to inquire why her old friends orthography and etymology were omitted from the list; but she forbore.

"It contains specimens of every form of barbarism, solecism, and cacophony of which English verse is capable."

"Dear me! That sounds very dreadful."

"But does any one boldly say so in print? Not at all. Jersey has the reputation of being 'a good sort of fellow,' and so his friends in the press, if they do not actually belaud him—and some do! some even do that!—leave him alone, and the public taste is systematically degraded. So little is conscientious sincerity in these points understood or appreciated, that when I myself, not many hours ago, made some rather searching strictures on the 'Songs of the Tea-kettle,' Jersey became angry—absolutely lost his temper! The great standards of Art are as nothing; one must spare one's friends' susceptibilities, forsooth!"

"But don't you think that the reviewers who praised Mr. Jersey's book may really have liked it?"

This suggestion appeared so utterly wild to Mr. Fennell that he disdained to reply to it, except by a scornful smile—which had the effect of sending his eyeglass with a crash into his plate.

Mrs. Hawkins now made a sign to Fatima, who rose from the table; and Lucy, seeing this, rose also.

"Are you going?" asked Mr. Fennell.

"I suppose so," answered Lucy, looking hesitatingly at Mr. Hawkins. It was not the custom in that household for the men to remain at table after the ladies. They usually followed the foreign fashion, and all withdrew together. But now Mrs. Hawkins kept her place at the head of the table, and held out her hand to Lucy.

"Good night, Miss Smith," she said, with her usual sweetness.

"Good night," said Lucy.

It was clearly intended that she should go; and, accordingly, she moved quietly towards the door. Fatima followed her with more reluctant steps, and they went upstairs together.

"I know what that's for," said Fatima. "That's Madame Leroux's doing. She detests the society of young girls. They are going to smoke now."

"Well, surely it is no injury that we are not allowed to partake of their smoke. I am very glad to be out of it, and very willing to go to bed."

Fatima was vexed at being deprived of another hour of Jersey's society. But, on the whole, she was far happier than she had been for a long time. He had been so kind, so sweet to her! And he had scarcely looked at Madame Leroux all supper-time.

Lucy lay down with the full intention of collecting her thoughts and reviewing the situation. Could it be really she, Lucy Marston, who had been spending the evening among all those strange people, and who, moreover, was engaged as a teacher in the school of Madame Leroux, formerly Caroline Graham? The very sound of her own old name seemed to belong to a far-away time.

But, when she closed her eyes, pictures of Enderby Court and the village crowded into her mind. She thought not only of Mildred, but of many persons who had been familiar figures in her daily life, but for whom she had no special regard. Among those was Edgar Tomline. He had known the house where she was born; and she wondered if any memories remained among the people there of her own mother—that mother who was like a phantom to her imagination, but of whom she had thought more and more of late in her friendless isolation.

At length she fell asleep; and, towards morning, dreamt that Madame Leroux, looking steadfastly at her, had changed into a basilisk; and, trembling and oppressed, she woke to see the dingy dawn of London show its yellow face at her window, and begin the first day of the new life that lay before her.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE holidays were so near at hand when Lucy entered on her duties at Douro House that she found the scholastic routine somewhat disorganised. Every one's thoughts and efforts were directed towards making a brilliant figure on the last day of the term. This was to be celebrated by a *matinée*, at which a few recitations in French, German, and English, and some musical pieces, were to be performed by some of the pupils. But the whole affair was to assume, as far as possible, the character of a fashionable gathering, and to suggest as little as could be contrived an ordinary school "breaking up," with prize-giving, and such antiquated ceremonials.

Madame Leroux's connection was said to lie almost exclusively among persons of rank and fashion, which reputation had filled her school with the daughters of persons who had neither. As a matter of fact, there were scarcely any girls of aristocratic family among the boarders in Douro House; but Madame had established certain select day-classes, which were attended by girls of first-rate social standing, whose families lived in the neighbourhood. Thus the wealthy stockbrokers' and manufacturers' wives were able to boast that their girls were schoolfellows of Lord A.'s, and Sir B. C.'s, and Lady D.'s daughters; and they were willing to pay highly for the privilege.

A great deal was said by Madame Leroux herself, and by others,

about the "tone" of her school. It was an unpleasantly pretentious tone; it was also a tone which fostered worldliness, extravagance, and vanity. But the glamour of it brought grist to Madame's mill. She herself was wont to speak of it in a frankly cynical fashion to sundry confidential friends entirely outside the sphere of "prunes and prisms." "One is obliged to go in for super-finery," she would say. "Nothing can be more ludicrously vulgar; but nothing, in my line of business, pays so well!"

Lucy, on her arrival at Douro House, was put under the charge of Fraülein Schulze, who had orders to set her in the way of her duties, and initiate her into the routine of the house. The Fraülein was a plain, spectacled, hard-featured woman, over fifty, who seemed to have become a sort of governing-machine, and to have neither loves nor hates, hopes nor fears, nor any human emotions, unconnected with the schoolroom. She did not receive Lucy very graciously. It was very disagreeable, she grumbled, to have a new teacher just at the end of term, when everything was more or less in confusion, and she declared—speaking excellent English with a peculiarly hideous accent—that Miss Smith would not have time to learn her "*tudies*" before the holidays arrived.

During the whole of the first day after her arrival Lucy did not once see Madame Leroux. Madame did not take much part in the general teaching, and sometimes did not enter the schoolroom for several days together; but she was supposed to exercise a general supervision over all the studies, and would now and then examine some special class in her own room. There were, however, some less masters and mistresses from outside—"professors" of the sort that, who came and went all day long; rushing in to give three or four lessons of fifteen minutes' duration each, and rushing out again, watch in hand, to repeat the same process elsewhere.

Lucy felt almost dizzy in watching this procession, and wondered how it had been possible for any of the pupils to learn anything at all on such a system. She began to understand it somewhat better when she found that the whole drudgery of teaching fell on the shoulders of two or three obscure subordinates; and that the only object aimed at and achieved by the payment of guineas and half-guineas for those hurried fifteen minutes was to enable young ladies to boast themselves pupils of Herr Getöse and Signor Strilloni.

She perceived, moreover, that the "tone" of the school did not include courtesy or consideration towards the subordinate teachers; and was amazed at the vulgar insolence with which she was treated by certain of the boarders. So grossly rude was the behaviour of one of them, that Lucy went to Fraülein Schulze and declared her intention of complaining to Madame Leroux if the girl did not amend her manners. But the old experienced hand assured her that such a proceeding would be worse than useless.

"What do you suppose Madame would do?" asked Fraülein Schulze, her light eyes blinking through her spectacles, and her forehead puckered into a frown. "You don't imagine she would send Miss Cohen away, do you?"

"I should think Madame would not let her remain to give a bad example if she persists in behaving so unlike a lady."

"*Sancta Simplicitas!* Do you know how much Miss Cohen pays? Madame can find many more poor young ladies anxious to teach the piano than rich ones willing to learn it. One keeps a school to make money. If you can fight it out for yourself, and get the better of Miss Cohen, well and good. Madame will not interfere. But I tell you once for all you will do yourself harm by complaining. If you are *sensitif* you should not be a teacher."

On the second day, Lucy saw Madame Leroux; and the moment she beheld her, Fatima's words recurred to her mind: "She has a daylight manner as well as a daylight face."

Surely this was a different woman from her whom she had last seen across Mr. Adolphus Hawkins's supper table! The roses of her complexion had considerably faded, and her luxuriant curls—not quite so luxuriant as in Great Portland Street, Lucy thought—were partially hidden under a triangular piece of delicate lace. Her dress was rich and elegant, but subdued in colour, and without rustle or glitter. But it was in the expression of her face—it was in the manner of moving and speaking, even in the very tone of the voice, that the remarkable change consisted which struck Lucy with astonishment.

This woman—yes; *this* woman did come very near (at all events in outward presentment) to the ideal schoolmistress she had pictured to herself. There was nothing prim or stiff, no assumption of gravity about her. But the bright vivacity of her glance and her smile had lost their coquettish poignancy, and beamed with the kindest radiance. Her easy gracefulness, her perfect tact, the subtle mixture of authority and gentleness in all she said and did, were admirable; and their effect was enhanced by an air of unaffected good breeding.

Watching her for a while, herself unnoticed, Lucy recognised distinct traces of Lady Charlotte Gaunt's manner at her best. Certain turns of phrase, and even certain movements of the head, were Lady Charlotte to the life. Caroline Graham, in short, was *acting* her former patroness with remarkable histrionic ability. Her present rendering was of a softened and favourable kind; but it was not difficult to imagine her giving a very different version of Lady Charlotte's *air noble*. Her powers would undoubtedly be equal to a very scathing caricature.

Madame Leroux was clearly the object of her pupils' enthusiastic admiration. Her sayings were quoted, her beauty was praised, her elegance was held up as a model. Madame took care never to appear in an unpopular character. If a reproof were to be administered or a petition refused, these disagreeable functions were delegated to some one else. Generally they fell to the lot of Fraülein Schulze, who didn't mind being unpopular; or if she did mind, at all events made no remonstrance, which did not matter.

As regarded the material conditions of her life, one piece of good fortune befel Lucy; she had a room to herself. It was a mere closet at the top of the house, with a little window in the roof, originally intended for storing linen or some such household stuff. But such as it was, Lucy thankfully accepted it. It would be her own. She could close the door and be alone there.

She soon found, however, that there were scarcely any minutes available for being alone, until bed-time. It was not that her regular occupations were so incessant; but in the bustle of preparation for the *matinée* a variety of small tasks devolved on her, the simple reason that no one else would undertake them. Then one or two pupils who were to play and recite on the next day had to be unremittingly drilled in their show pieces during every spare half hour, until certain combinations of notes and words lost all significance in Lucy's ear by sheer iteration, and became mere irritants to her quivering nerves and weary brain.

"If you are *sensitif*," Fraülein Schulze had said, "you ought not to be a teacher."

Lucy was dismayed to discover how sensitive she was, not only in heart, but in nerves, in taste, in temper. It was alarming to feel so weary and disgusted at the first trial! Where were her brave resolves to earn her bread with cheerfulness, and to repine at no hardships that made her independent, and left her her self-respect? Was she going weakly to break down already?

The truth was, that Lucy—like most young creatures not inured to the horny-handed grip of necessity—had softened and mitigated the more painful details in every picture she had made of the future in her own mind. The troubles she had represented to herself were of the kind which she felt best able to endure. But Desires



## CIVITA VECCHIA

concerns herself with no such considerate adjustments. And Lucy was quite unprepared for most of the daily slings and arrows which assailed her fortitude and wounded her feelings. Certainly Fraulein Schulze was right. It was a terrible misfortune for a teacher to be sensitive!

She had written a few lines to Mildred immediately on the conclusion of her engagement with Madame Leroux; dwelling on her good fortune, and the high reputation of the school; and promising to write more fully when she should have become initiated into her new life. But before she found leisure and opportunity to do so, a letter came from Mildred, which made her feel utterly forlorn.

The Enderbys were going abroad earlier than had been at first intended. They were to spend August and part of September in Switzerland, and then travel slowly towards Rome, visiting Venice and the Italian lakes on their way. The truth was that Sir Lionel, having once accepted the idea of foreign travel, grew impatient to try it forthwith. He was like a child expecting a promised toy, to whom to-morrow seems an intolerably long way off.

The letter had been addressed to the care of Mr. Hawkins; and having fallen under Fatima's observation, she had taken the trouble to forward it. Otherwise, the chances in favour of its reaching its proper destination would have been small. Mrs. Hawkins would have thought it must be some one else's business to attend to it; and Mr. Hawkins would have intended to see to it at the first moment he could spare; and so it might have reached the dustman unopened, in company with a mass of heterogeneous documents connected with the Beneficent Pelican, and other birds of prey.

But it did reach Lucy's hands only two days later than it should have done; and she felt the news it contained to be a severe blow. She had not realised, until it came, how much hope lay hidden in her heart of returning to Enderby Court during the holidays; or, at least, of seeing Mildred frequently if she spent the vacation at Mr. Sherd's house. But now she seemed to feel, for the first time, the full significance of her separation from Mildred, and from all her old life. She cried herself to sleep that night in her little attic chamber, and awoke the next morning with a throbbing head and a heavy heart.

It was within a week of the end of the school term, when Mr. Sherd wrote to inform her that arrangements had been made for her to spend the holidays at Douro House. It was not worth while, he said, to incur the expense of a journey to Westfield and back; especially since Sir Lionel and Miss Enderby would be abroad, and the Court shut up; and since, moreover, her board for the whole of the first year had been included in the bargain made with Madame Leroux.

"I paid a heavy premium for you, Lucy," wrote Mr. Sherd, "and we must get all the advantage we can. You are very fortunate to be in such a tip-top establishment. And I look upon you now as having had an uncommonly good start given you. All things considered, you can't expect me to do more than I have done; and I rely on your good sense to follow it up by doing the best you can for yourself in every way. Indeed, I look upon this as a sacred duty, and have endeavoured to carry it out myself through life. Your Aunt Sarah (she is loth to relinquish the old, familiar title, although well aware, as you are, that she has no legal right to it) desires her love, and sends the enclosed. And I am,

"My dear Lucy,

"Yours very truly,

"JACOB SHERD."

The "enclosed" was a tiny tract, headed, "Stop, Sinner!!!" like a pious sort of hue-and-cry.

The grief caused by Mildred's letter drove out any pain which might otherwise have been occasioned by Mr. Sherd's. It did not matter where she spent the vacation, since she could not spend it with the only creature who loved her.

She was soon startled, however, by finding that she was not expected to remain at Douro House. On mentioning the matter to Fraulein Schulze, that lady looked greatly surprised, and asked how she intended to live, seeing that Madame would probably go abroad, as usual, and that she and all the other teachers would be away. This was alarming. And Lucy took the bold step of seeking an interview with Madame Leroux by going straight to her room, without any preliminary asking of leave to do so.

Madame was seated at a little writing-table strewn with papers. Most of these were bills. But there were some private notes, and one or two theatre-tickets lying in a little heap together at her right hand. Over these she threw her handkerchief before saying "Come in," in answer to Lucy's tap at the door.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Miss Smith?" she said, looking up; and then she returned her pocket-handkerchief to her pocket.

"I beg your pardon, madame; I am afraid you are busy. But I was compelled—"

"Yes, I am busy, of course; I always am in the last days of term. But say what you have to say."

Lucy, thinking it the quickest way to communicate her business, handed Mr. Sherd's letter to Madame Leroux. She bade Lucy sit down, and, taking the letter, glanced through it rapidly.

"Well," she said, raising her bright eyes, "he seems a sharp practitioner, this Mr. Sherd. But what do you want me to do?"

"Fraulein Schulze told me—" began Lucy. Then she paused, and went on with a resolutely composed manner. "I merely wished to know whether you intend to go away and shut up this house during the holidays; because if you do, I—I don't know what's to become of me!" And, suddenly breaking down, she burst into tears.

"Tien, tien, tien!" murmured Madame Leroux. "Don't cry! It is so disagreeable to see people cry! And you'll spoil your eyes." She spoke half jestingly, but not unkindly, and touched Lucy's dark hair with the tips of her fingers. As she did so, the same dreamy, far-away look came into her eyes which she had regarded Lucy the first time she saw her; and it was with a kind of effort, as if rousing herself from a reverie, that she proceeded. "As it happens, I am not likely to go abroad this year. Schulze does not know everything; it is not necessary that she should. I shan't keep up much of an establishment." The servants will be away. It will be a sort of bivouac. We will bivouac together, don't you? Don't cry!" And once more she lightly stroked Lucy's hair.

In her relief of mind, and in her gratitude at hearing a kind word, Lucy took the white hand in her own, and kissed it.

Madame drew her hand away, and looked doubtfully at the girl. She showed little sympathy with manifestations of emotion, and was loth to suspect their genuineness. "There, there," she said, "don't let us exaggerate; there is nothing to make a fuss about."

"Forgive me," said Lucy, timidly; "I felt so lonely, and I have no mother."

(To be continued)

Mr. STANLEY expects to reach London between the 15th and 20th of April. His new book will be called "The Darkest Africa; and the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria." It will be in two volumes, and will be published simultaneously next May in England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Scandinavia. Emin Pasha has arrived at Zanzibar from his journey, and is considering whether to accompany Major Wissmann's new Expedition to the interior of Eastern Africa instead of going to Cairo at present.

THE city now known as Civita Vecchia has in different ages also carried the names of Portus Trajani and Centum Cellæ. Inasmuch as it is a coast town with a certain amount of trade still clinging to the harbour which was, of old, a wonder for strength and commodiousness, it is not so dead as many another Italian city of long lineage. It owed its existence largely to Trajan. That Emperor, perceiving the need of a port near to Rome, and perceiving also that Nature had done little for the satisfaction of such a necessity, determined to make one by heroic means. Thus the name of Portus Trajani was justified. For, after prodigious labour, the harbour was formed by the sinking of a vast quantity of rocks and stones, and the construction of a breakwater and a lighthouse. The alternative name of Centum Cellæ is due to the Emperor Hadrian, who, according to a current belief, here erected a hundred chambers for the trial of Imperial law cases. Probably these lawsuits were such as depended on matters of commerce (and especially colonial and marine commerce) exclusively. As for the third and surviving name of the city, it seems to have no very exalted origin. In the Middle Ages the Saracens tormented most of the coast cities of the Levant. Centum Cellæ did not escape the general lot. It was, in fact, ravaged and sacked so that it was deserted. The inhabitants went inland, and built them another city. Later, however, when their old foes were in a decline, they returned to their ancestral ruins, which they cherished into habitable state once more, and, out of regard for the city so long neglected, rechristened it, simply enough, Civita Vecchia, or the old city.

If one may judge by the florid inscriptions on marble tablets upon the walls of the modern harbour, Civita Vecchia's era of prosperity was in the seventeenth century. Here one reads how a Pope Gregory rebuilt the walls of the city. There how the Popes Urban, Clement, and Benedict worked for the shipping interest of the place. The sturdy fortifications (gigantic for their epoch) date from these times; and so also do the enormous bronze lion heads which gaze upon the basin of the inner port. Anciently, the trading craft tethered their cables to the yawning mouths of these heads. Nowadays the luckless orifices are half-choked with the coal dust which blows to and fro in this part of the city from the Newcastle or Cardiff steamers which here find it convenient to unload.

The outer harbour of Civita Vecchia is fringed landwards by a number of somewhat remarkable grottoes in the living rock. These caves are for the most part wine-shops of a low marine style, wherein a sailor of any nationality may get drunk with facility. In Diocletian's time it is probable that they served as the cells for the Christians who were here kept in penal confinement. These Christians were employed in Civita Vecchia in preparing for building purposes the cargoes of marble and freestone which were here discharged from coasters for the service of Rome.

The grottoes have further local interest. For awhile, during the Diocletian persecution, one of them sheltered the Virgin Fermina, who was subsequently adopted as the tutelary Saint of Civita Vecchia. The daughter of a pagan of Rome, Fermina, when only fifteen years old, left her father's house, and came as a Christian to this city. Here she had the courage to attempt a crusade of conversion, in the midst of a people who were prone to regard a Christian as we should regard a Portland convict. But she did not stay long in Civita Vecchia, though long enough to endear herself to the citizens. She continued her work elsewhere in Italy. At length she was brought before the authorities, and she was barely twenty-seven when, after enduring divers kinds of tortures, she was finally put to death. Having been suspended to a beam by the long hair of her head, she was burnt over a slow fire. Her dead body was then dragged through the streets, mutilated, and cast outside the city gates. Many centuries afterwards, her relics were discovered in the miraculous manner, the narrative of which helps to make the "Lives of the Saints" such unprofitable reading. And eventually Civita Vecchia claimed her memory as peculiarly appertaining to the city.

It is hardly fair to condemn the intelligence of a place upon one or two examples of imbecility. Otherwise I might be led to say harsh things about the financiers of Civita Vecchia. It was in this way. I wished to cash a Bank of England note. Two or three exchange offices were at hand, and I entered the nearest. The cashier of the establishment had never yet made the acquaintance of our beautiful national paper currency, and he preferred upon this occasion also to decline the honour of an introduction. The note might be good for something, as I said; but, upon the other hand, it might not; and, upon the whole, it seemed best to him to wish me a pleasant evening, and better fortune elsewhere. The second banker was no less interested in my dilemma when I propounded it to him. He agreed with me that it is always awkward to be in a strange land with an insufficiency of small change. It was, indeed, only at the third time of asking that I was successful. The cashier of this institution did me the favour off-hand—with an alacrity that, for aught I know, cost him dear when his master returned to the office. But his demeanour of suppressed excitement during the business was so odd that when I left him it was with a suspicion that he had cheated me in some way. His notes proved genuine enough, however, and so I can only conclude he fancied he was buying a curiosity which might be worth very much more than I asked for it.

At the first glance, one might suppose that activity prevailed in Civita Vecchia, and also the well-being that accompanies judicious activity. But closer examination changes early impressions. The houses are stout and high, but, save in the mercantile quarter, they are to be investigated with caution, and with the hand to the nose. Dirt, lethargy, and its twin-sister indifference, are mining in concord beneath the foundations of the place.

That external greatness is to be distrusted I was made to realise when I passed to the bedroom assigned to me in my hotel. The building was very large—"grandiose" is the word for it—having an entrance approached under a pillared portico, and with I know not how many dozen windows commanding an "admirable sea-view." My room was not unprovided with such modern luxuries as electric bells. But it retained such old-time abominations as might well have been excluded in company with electric bells and electric light, if only a trifle of cleanliness had come in their stead. The floor was of stone. So far, excellent. But it and the foul paper which defiled its walls were overrun with myriads of ants and other insects, all intent upon their own affairs. At every step, I was a wholesale slaughterman. Again, the ceiling, lofty and frescoed in bold chiaroscuro, was wreathed in cobwebs that would have done no discredit to a Whitechapel cellar for long ages innocent of the no discrediting hand of woman. One thick tongue of web hung playfully over the pillow of the bed. To the instinctive naturalist fully over the pillow of the bed. To the instinctive naturalist nothing could have been more delightful; but, for my part, I would have all living creatures except the human race kept apart in Zoological Gardens, unless they served some definite or picturesque end by commingling with mankind. Once more let us dissect this den. Its windows with the sea view possessed muslin curtains, which long ago were white. But when I touched them, down descended a spray of dust, and their colour changed. The window, when opened, fell to pieces. The floor was littered with grime, and plaster, and strips of rotten wood among the dead, dying, and energetic ants. I might even proceed in dispraise of this room, but this is enough for my purpose. The place was a whited sepulchre, externally pure and sweet, but within full of ruin and putrefaction.

However, I would fain end my impressions of Civita Vecchia with a more generous touch. Though the heart of the city is shattered, its powers of life are not exhausted. New buildings, of the stereotyped modern kind, are arising on its southern side. The stranger who likes such things may be indulged in sulphur baths at the Thermal Establishment of Trajan, a huge edifice that we should call a "hydropathic" institution. And a quarter of a mile yet farther south a light and somewhat fantastic iron pier has been newly run into the sea for purposes of pleasure only. Music, song, and the dance, and, let us add, the dinner, may here be enjoyed by the Roman in quest of a change during the dog-days, even as with us when the wearied Londoner betakes himself to Brighton or Ramsgate.

C. E.



SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, having something to say about Art and something about Love, and wanting a title for his novel, puts the two together in the style of the author who wrote on Chinese metaphysics by combining two dictionary articles on metaphysics and China, and the result is "The Art of Love" (3 vols.: Edinburgh: David Douglas). The hints on Art, especially on landscape painting, interspersed throughout the story, are excellent and suggestive, and seem to imply that Sir Herbert Maxwell has plenty more to bestow. The love business is not so successful—it is more conventional than we are sure the author would tolerate in the other branch of Art of which he discourses. On the whole, his novel by no means fulfils the remarkable promise of "Sir Lucian Elphin," to which we had the pleasure of drawing attention not long ago. He has by no means succeeded in putting fresh interest, either dramatic or psychological, into the story of changed children, and his portraits are grievously deficient in firmness of outline. Still the whole is worth reading for its incidental observations, not only æsthetic, but also on social and political matters. Something it certainly to be learned by those who regard the ownership of land as to be envied by those who are without its responsibilities. For the rest, by some law of production which has still to be accounted for, a novelist's second novel is scarcely ever among his best; and, on that ground, the promise of its predecessor may be held virtually unaffected.

"The Fairy Godfather," by J. A. Goodchild (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), lets the reader to some extent into the inner life of Fairyland, where, it appears, responsibilities are more recognised than is commonly supposed. Not only princes and princesses, but all human children, have fairy godfathers and godmothers; and, in the present case, the godfather is told off by the Queen to counteract the evil gifts—a purse and a mirror—of a little girl's two godmothers. This he does by appearing to her at four crises of her life, first as her guardian from India; then in the person of her first lover; then as her aunt; and finally as the great poet who afterwards becomes her husband. The adventures of the fairy as the guardian, Mr. Dobson Willoughby, in his first experience of this most unfairylike of cities, run towards farce in the manner of Mr. Anstey, and are amusing: while the child promises to grow up into a decidedly interesting character. And if the author would have continued in this vein, and contented himself with writing a real fairy tale for children, old and young, he would have done well. When his story develops into an ordinary novel, however, the necessity of keeping up the fanciful machinery ends in sheer clumsiness. Even the motive breaks down, and common-place sentimentality reigns supreme. The book is well-written, and contains not a few good thoughts to relieve the wearisomeness of the latter portion; though most of them will be found crowded, as might be expected, into the bright and pleasant opening.

There is so great a family likeness, both in portraiture and in motive, and even in plot, among the novels of E. Werner that those who have sufficient of the German spirit in them to enjoy them—and the true German spirit is not always craving after new departures—come to the perusal of each like an old family friend, who watches the growth of a large and widening circle of cousins with interest, and is sure of a pleasant visit with a flavour of old times from every newly-formed household within it. In "A Heavy Reckoning" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), the characters have, of course, different names; but the reader will see in them so plainly the features and the characteristics of their forbears that there is no difficulty in recognising them at first sight—the choleric old country baron, the ambitious young engineer, and the two or three types of sentimental womanhood which repeat themselves in the great Werner family. To the stranger, however, the freshness and force, taken as matters of course by the old acquaintance, would be remarkable indeed. The idea of the novel is the double war between old and new ideas, and between nature and her irrepressible enemy, man. The duel between the Mountain Spirit and the nineteenth century engineer is of the true tragic character; and if it had ended with the destruction of the mountain bridge—a magnificently described scene—would have displayed the true tragic form besides. But nobody looks for construction in any German novel; and probably the victory of Nature, though in this case it would have been far the more dramatically effective, would not have represented the author's intention. The novel is to be commended on every ground to all who are in sympathy with the peculiarities of German thought and sentiment. The translation is excellent.

Society journalism is, as might be expected, finding an overflow into Society fiction; and possibly people who like the sort of thing might imagine themselves in for a good thing from the title of "Mrs. Danby Kaufman, of Bayswater," by Mrs. Mark Herbert (1 vol.: Digby and Long). Their curiosity will, however, prove fated to disappointment. It seems, indeed, somehow as if it had been written with a view to some particular set or other; and, on this assumption, we have been obliged to come to the conclusion that the set is to be found in some obscure toy shop, on the least interesting shelf of dolls.

"The Gold of Ophir," by Elizabeth J. Lysaght (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is a combination of very elderly stories indeed: the story of the man who loses his memory until it comes back to him just at the very critical moment for frustrating villainy; and the story of the bad young man who takes advantage of an extraordinary likeness to personate a good one. We cannot say that Elizabeth J. Lysaght has done much to freshen up these venerable motives. The two James Ardells are, of course, properly cut to fit into their proper holes; indeed, every person and incident has the effect of the solution of a Chinese puzzle. The opening, where the good James Ardell is discovered in a Swiss mortuary, with all sorts of precautions against burial alive, is a piece of good description; but one knows from such a beginning what the end is going to be as plainly as if one read the novel backwards. The story, however, is told well enough, barring the tricks of style. We wonder if Elizabeth J. Lysaght has the faintest notion of the proper purpose of quotation-marks—she even quotes the words "papa" and "proposed." And when one has met with "as the saying is," applied to the commonest phrases a few dozen times, one begins to look out for its repetition to the injury of other interest—"as the saying is," as Elizabeth J. Lysaght would not fail to say.



# PICTURES FROM THE TUDOR EXHIBITION

THE first of our engravings represents the famous painter Hans Holbein, and is from his own hand. No date is apparently assigned for this picture, but it doubtless belongs to his later years. It represents a much more corpulent and less comely man than the portrait which is now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Holbein was born at Augsburg, but spent his youth in Basel, where he was employed in book-illustration, drawing initial-letters, &c. Lord Arundel, chancing to be in Basel, and, admiring Holbein's work, strongly recommended him to try his fortune in England. Six years later he took the Earl's advice, and, armed with a letter of introduction from Erasmus, was hospitably welcomed by Sir Thomas More, in whose house at Chelsea he stayed for a long time, painting various portraits there. Some of these works attracted the attention of King Henry, who, whatever his other faults, was a liberal patron of the fine arts. He gave Holbein several commissions, and presently made him one of his Court painters at what appears to us moderns—even allowing for the decline in the value of money—the absurdly inadequate salary of thirty pounds a-year. This was, however, more than some of the Court painters received, as the Italians only got fifty pounds a-year between them. Till recently, it was believed that Holbein died of the plague at Whitehall in 1554 (we erroneously gave this date last week); but the discovery of his will, some years ago, in the archives of St. Paul's Cathedral, shows that 1543 was the real date of his death. It was due to plague, which that year raged with especial violence.—This picture is lent by Her Majesty the Queen from the Windsor Collection.

Next we have a life-size portrait of Katharine Parr, that most courageous of women, who had the pluck to marry our royal Blue Beard, King Henry VIII., and



HANS HOLBEIN, PAINTED BY HIMSELF

actually survived him. Every one knows the pretty story which tells how she was in imminent danger of being put to death, like Anne Askew, for heresy, and how by her ready wit she so completely obliterated the King's suspicions that he exclaimed, "Is it so, sweetheart? Then we are perfect friends again." The picture is by Holbein, and is lent to the Tudor Gallery by Richard Booth, Esq. The Queen is represented in a silver brocade dress with grey fur sleeves, with an elaborately embroidered red underdress.

Our last engraving is of the celebrated "Dancing Picture," which, according to the Tudor Gallery Catalogue, represents six small whole-length figures of Henry VIII.; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; Anne Boleyn; Mary Tudor, Dowager Queen of France; and Margaret, Dowager Queen of Scotland; the three pairs dancing in a meadow with Greenwich Palace in the background. The picture remained in the possession of the Norfolk family till 1701, when it was purchased by the ancestor of the present owner, Major-General F. E. Sotheby. Though attributed to Holbein, it is doubtful whether it was entirely painted by him. Sir Peter Lely says that the male figures are his; but the female by Francois Clouet, the French artist. Horace Walpole takes much the same view, and doubts whether the traditional naming of the portraits is correct. The man in the middle, he says, is much more like King Francis I. of France than either the Duke of Norfolk or the Duke of Suffolk.

A LONG-DELAYED ENGLISH LETTER has just been received by a correspondent in Ontario. It was lost in a mailbag when the *Oregon* was wrecked in 1886, and lately the bag was found buried in the sands near Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. It had drifted 400 miles from the scene of the wreck.

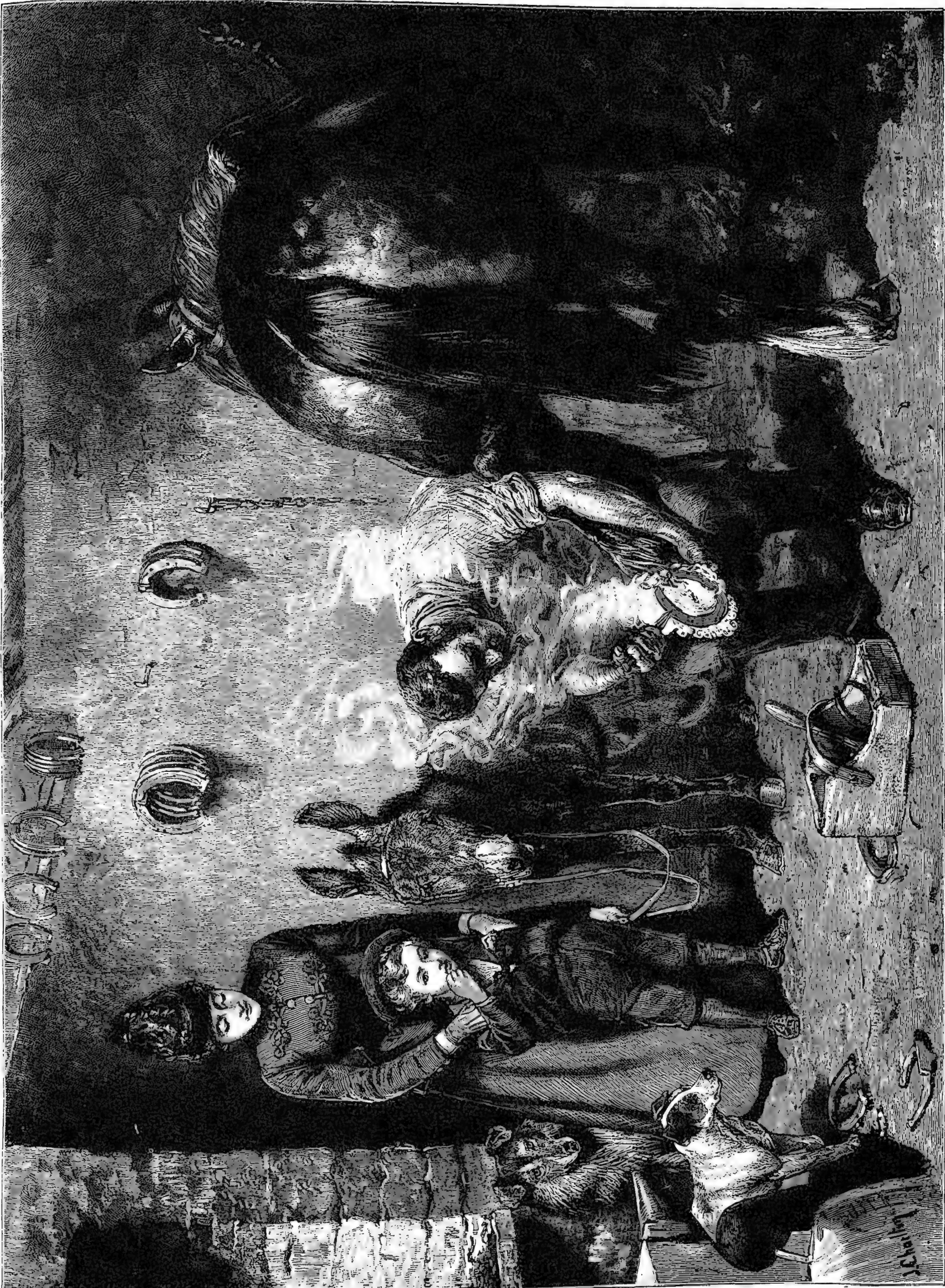


QUEEN KATHARINE PARR, PAINTED BY HOLBEIN



HENRY VIII., ANNE BOLEYN AND OTHERS. "THE DANCING PICTURE," PAINTED BY HOLBEIN AND FRANCOIS CLOUET, "DIT JANEI"





"MISGIVINGS"—HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FORGE  
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



## THE GRAPHIC

ON THE WAY TO THE TRANSVAAL  
GOLDFIELDS

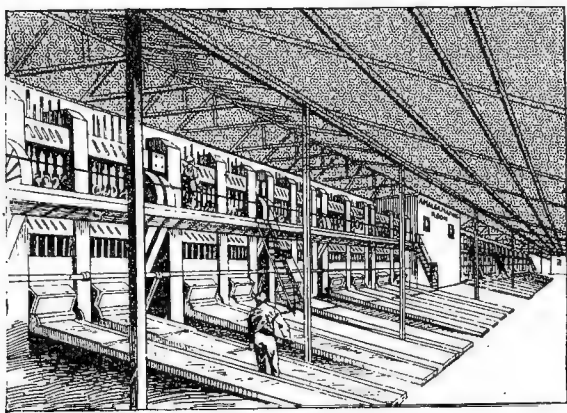
IN outlying towns and villages in the Transvaal, where the correspondence is not of sufficient bulk to fill a mail-cart, a postal bag is conveyed by a stalwart native to and from the nearest regular post-town. Marabastad, the most northern town in the Transvaal, is only a small place, so the native represented in our illustration conveys the mail to Smitsdorp.

"I. D. B.," which is, being interpreted, "Illicit diamond-buying," is one of the commonest crimes committed at Kimberley, the centre of the diamond-mining industry. There are 2,500 natives employed in the mines; and, although the companies handsomely reward any man who discovers a big stone, there is naturally a great temptation to the lucky finder to keep his treasure to himself. And, in spite of the fact that the natives work practically naked, and are carefully searched, there is no doubt that many valuable stones are concealed (sometimes by being swallowed) and sold to the illicit diamond-buyers. These are, for the most part, disreputable whites; but sometimes, as in our picture, a native, who has added the vices of civilisation to his natural cunning, takes up the business.

The district of Zoutspansberg in the Transvaal covers a large area, and the character of the country is entirely different to that of Witwatersrandt. The scenery in some parts is magnificent, and range after range of mountains can be seen from some of the hills. Dense bush prevails in some parts, and valuable timber is obtained for mining purposes. The gold discovered in this neighbourhood is very rich.

At present, however, Johannesburg, the capital of the Randt, is the centre of the gold-mining industry. Its rapid rise into importance can hardly be paralleled even from the records of Australian and Californian gold-mining. It is only six years since an Englishman named Arnold discovered, on the farm of a Dutchman called Gildenhuis, the gold which has worked such a marvellous transformation of an entire district. In those six years Johannesburg has progressed by leaps and bounds from a mere village into a large and important town. Handsome buildings are being erected in all directions. Banks and hotels abound. There is already one club, which in comfort and appearance rivals some of the London "temples of luxury and ease," and another is now being built.

A new Exchange, to cost some 70,000*l.*, is also in course of erection. At present most of the business is done *al fresco* in the Open-air 'Change, of which we give an illustration. Four daily papers are published in the town, which seems likely, moreover, to emulate older capitals by having a revolution on its own account. Mining companies, of course, abound. Two years ago there were sixty-eight, and now there are even more. Of these, one of the most important is the Jumpers' Gold-Mining Company. One of our engravings represents a visit paid to the mine some time ago by two ladies, who bravely ventured down in the cage, and inspected the workings, regardless of the damage which clay and water might inflict upon their garments. Another shows the too-



THE 100-STAMP BATTERY OF THE JUMPERS' GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED  
The largest of the Witwatersrandt Goldfields

stamp-battery and amalgamating-room, which is the largest on the Witwatersrandt Gold-Fields.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Cape Town.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is much spirited verse and prettily-expressed thought in Mr. M. C. Tyndall's "Rhymes: Real and Romantic" (Arrow-smith). The author finds most of his themes in history, in battle, and in love. "News of Victory—Bath, June, 1815," "The Loss of the *Birkenhead* off the Coast of Africa," and "The Eve of Gravelotte" are fair sample-titles, and Mr. Tyndall does justice to their suggestions of heroism, or of patriotic self-gratulation. In "The Thin Red Line" we have a vigorous protest against a change in the colour which our troops have so vividly in many a battle presented to the eyes of the enemy. Thus our poet sings:—

And must our England then resign  
The glory of her "thin red line"?  
In charge or battle, siege or mine,  
Aye foremost in the fight.  
And shall the British scarlet go?  
Which never flinched before the foe,  
"When they are beaten, never know,"  
But stubborn fight, impervious, slow,  
Till Victory crowns the right.

That red which blazed in Blenheim's day,  
At Ramilies and Malplaquet,  
Where Marlborough's troopers led the way  
And dark the Danube ran!  
That red which British soldiers wore,  
Through fair rose-gardens charged of yore,  
And from the field of Minden bore  
A rose for every man.

Mr. Tyndall's verse may not be of the very highest quality, but his heart is so thoroughly in the right place that we can wish him cordially success.

We can scarcely speak so favourably of Mr. John Codd's "A Legend of the Middle Ages" (Kegan Paul). Weak sentiment, feeble philosophy, and a pretence at observation of nature are combined with unrefreshing result. This is how we are reminded that individual existence is transient and ephemeral:—

The bright star falls and is lost in night,  
Ere it scarce has reflected its heaven-sent light;  
The bud which burst 'neath Spring's smiling skies,  
Chilled by the keen frosts, withers, and dies;  
The stream dries up ere its water flows  
Away from the fount where it bubbling rose.

A writer requires the courage of his convictions as to his own merit to publish some of the verse occasionally met with; but the

boldness is unique in its way which calmly presents these doting lines:—

For I love my Love with a loving love,  
A love as loving as love can be;  
And my Love loves me with a loving love,  
For she is a loving Love to me.

We have before us a very neat volume of selections, "Poetic Imagery" (Remington). It consists of similes, metaphors, emblems, comparisons, and contrasts selected from the works of British and American poets and dramatists, by the late County Court Judge, John Pitt-Taylor. The work has been carefully edited by his daughter, Miss Hester Louisa Pitt-Taylor.

## VILLAGE LENDING LIBRARIES

THERE are few thoughtful persons who do not agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison's eloquent protest against indiscriminate reading, and who do not share his pathetic regret at the mental deterioration which the careless use of the increasing mass of modern literature certainly produces. But the temptation is generally too great to be overcome; we admit our shortcomings, and continue them.

But there is, at any rate, a more cheerful standpoint from which to regard the existence of the vast amount of reading material open to English-speaking races. For it has given to the poorest artisan and to the worst-paid agricultural labourer opportunities for wholesome recreation, and laid before his mind new scenes of life which half a century ago were scarcely within the contemplation of the most sanguine observer. Granting that many low-priced publications are thoroughly pernicious, yet it would be a waste of time to indicate, on the other hand, the great mass of sound, interesting, and amusing reading which can be bought for a few coppers at any bookseller's shop in any moderate-sized town. But it is necessary also to admit that the countryman has hitherto had practically none of the opportunities which the urban dweller possesses for availing himself of this great mental supply. The town workman passing homeward at the end of the day sees over and over again attractive bookshops where the newest cheap publications are exhibited to his gaze. Take, for example, the sixpenny edition of Charles Kingsley's novels which Messrs. Macmillan are now publishing; at any retail bookseller's they can be purchased for fourpence-halfpenny, and there can be no doubt that a large number of the working population of our towns do avail themselves of this supply. But the case is different in villages. A village bookshop is an impossibility, and therefore the only way in which the rural worker can obtain the benefit of the supply of cheap and wholesome literature which publishers now give to the public is by means of village lending libraries.

It may be laid down that a lending library is one of the first necessities of the modern village community, and it is moreover a necessity which can be supplied with the utmost ease and at a comparatively small cost. Let any one peruse carefully a few booksellers' catalogues, and he will find that for a sovereign he can obtain a supply of books sufficient to keep a number of subscribers occupied for a whole winter. For less than sixteen shillings the whole of Messrs. Routledge's thirty-six volumes of the "World Library" can be purchased—a stock in itself sufficient to form a small village library.

But the supply of cheap books has caused in the household of every intelligent person a perpetual overflow of what may be called second-hand books, which frequently find their way to the fire or the waste paper basket. A little patting and mending—and it may also be added a little selection—will enable a household to make a substantial addition at the beginning of every winter to the village library; for it is useless to establish a library and then to allow it to die of exhaustion. This may seem a truism, but it is one which requires to be repeated. The other day, for example, the Vicar of a small parish, within four-and-twenty miles of London, was asked if there was a lending library in the village. "Yes," he replied, "there is one in the school-house, but the books have all been read through, and several of them are all to pieces, and so it is useless." There are some who will be all vigour in the starting of new undertakings, but who weary in the steady carrying out of those which are established. Thus it is that in some places where libraries have been begun, they have been allowed to collapse. It has also to be borne in mind that in this matter the village inhabitant requires some stimulation. The door of the public house is open, it is customary to enter in order to have half a pint of beer and a chat, but it is not customary to go to the village library and ask for a book, and, if there is nothing but the same well-thumbed store, to complain, and ask for new works. Fresh supplies must be added from time to time, so that the frequenter of the library finds when he brings back his book that his interest is rekindled by a still ample supply. In this respect the managers of a village library are in a fortunate position. The summer is an entirely non-reading period for the general village community, therefore they have six months of the year in which to organise their forces, to repair old books, to purchase new ones, and to obtain supplies from the surrounding country house.

Simple as the organisation of the village lending library is, there are certainly a few leading principles which ought to be borne in mind. The first is that there should be a subscription, though as small as you please. Sixpence a year helps to the existence of the library; it is within the reach of any sober workman, and it prevents the library being regarded as a purely eleemosynary undertaking. Another and important point is that the library should be open to all persons, whether Churchmen or Nonconformists; it should not be attached to the church and supervised only by the Vicar or the Rector, otherwise it is at once regarded as a sectarian undertaking, an idea which is fatal to its general usefulness.

Again, care must be exercised in the selection of books. This is easier said than done. For it is certain that five out of every seven readers in the middle-classes read by haphazard. There should be a proper mixture of fiction, travels, and history. In many respects travels are the most relished and the most wholesome. We who wander over Europe, who have friends travelling in the East and in the West, can scarcely understand how the simplest travel-narrative stirs the imagination of the cottager, and unfolds before his mind undreamt-of scenes. To boys and young men, especially, not wholly ignorant from school training of the elements of geography, a narrative of travel adds flesh to the dry bones, and gives them continual food for contemplation. The agricultural worker has not wholly a vacant mind; it is curious to notice how a single idea will be "chewed" in the course of a day's work, and books of travel afford wholesome food for this operation. There are many ways in which the upper classes "meddle and muddle" in the affairs of those below them in station, with the best of intentions. But in establishing and in fostering village libraries they can never go wrong. They afford occupation for the winter evenings of the workman, they put wholesome thoughts in his mind when his hands are at work. In many cases, too, the organiser of a village library will find that by the careful consideration of many works, and by the process of selection, he will do not a little towards the organising of his own reading. He may very likely find that when he has been waiting impatiently for a box of new books from Mudie's there are half-a-dozen sixpenny works just come by Parcel Post for the village library worth more both for the material and the style than the entire contents of the box so anxiously desired.

E. S. R.



EDWIN ASHDOWN.—"Parallel Studien;" fifteen studies for the pianoforte in all the keys, of the same character as the celebrated studies of J. B. Cramer, to be used therewith, composed by Louis Köhler, may be highly recommended to teachers and students; that they are adopted by the Conservatorium and the Neue Academie Der Musik in Berlin is no slight recommendation. These clever studies are published in two books.—"Mazurka, Caprice," by A. C. Faull, "First Gavotte in G," for the pianoforte, by G. W. F. Crowther, "Chant des Sirènes," *mélodie pour piano*, by Boyton Smith, and "Entends Ma Prière," a *rhapsodie pour piano* by Fritz Spindler, are four pieces of more than average merit, and will be found suitable for after-dinner performance in the drawing-room.—Young beginners are apt to yawn and grow fretful over the oft-repeated five-finger exercises in their primitive forms, but when they are arranged as showy little pieces the young performers are eager to learn them, and to display them to admiring friends and relatives. "The Easiest Pieces" ("Die leichtesten Stücke"), pianoforte duets on the five notes, by S. Jadasch, are well calculated to interest the juvenile player. These pleasing duets are arranged on the system of "The Abecedarian," that is to say, the treble part consists of single notes to be played by the pupil, whilst the teacher takes the bass part, which is well harmonised. No. I. is a "Prelude;" No. II., a tuneful Ländler; No. III., Cavatina; No. IV., a spirited March; No. V., quite a showy Polonaise; No. VI., a simple Waltz.

MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON.—"The Grosvenor Album," Books I. and II. contain respectively six songs by well-known and popular composers, including "Maidenhead Bridge," a dainty little love ditty by E. Birch, words by Clement Scott; "Bonnie White Heather," written and composed by "L. L." and Louis Diehl; and "Sleep and Rest," words by Zadel B. Gustafson, music by Gustav Ernest, a dreamy cradle-song with an effective violin accompaniment. The second is "Songs and Pieces for the Banjo," arranged by George Neville, most popular amongst which will be, "Stars the Night Adorning" (Serenade), words by Lady Macfarren, music by J. B. Wekerlin; "The Ash Grove" (Welsh melody); "The Old Friends at Home" (old negro melody); and "Petite Gavotte," by George Neville.—Three fairly good songs of the tender passion are, "The Flower of Love," by A. Wellesley Batson, Mus. Bac. Oxon.; "A Song of Love," written by Baroness Porteous, music by Anton Strelezki, for a soprano voice; and "No Love Like Mine," words by The Right Hon. Sir Henry A. Isaacs (Lord Mayor of London), music by Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Doc. Cantab.—Two very pleasing ballads for the home circle are "Fairland," written and composed by Gerald M. Lane, and "Shepherd's Cradle Song," words translated from the German, music by Arthur Somervell.

THE VIADUCT PUBLISHING COMPANY.—"Only a Week Ago" and "Love and Time," two tender idylls, by the Marquis de Leuville, have been set to music, the former by Albert Marchbank, the latter by M. Piccolomini; both are worthy the attention of amateurs; they are published in three keys.—"I Whispered My Love," the sentimental words by H. J. Melville, music by Albert Marchbank, will find many admirers amongst the fair sex.—Of the same tender type as the above are "They Tell Me to Forget," written and composed by Leslie Somers; "The Heart Thou Hast Broken," a ballad written and composed by N. G. Glass; "True Love," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Henry Klusmann; and "Let Me Dream on," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Odoardo Barri.—"Hours of Recreation," for the pianoforte student, a series of interesting studies in various degrees of difficulty, by eminent composers, is one of the many useful collections of music for the drawing-room; the example before us is "Wedding of the Sylphs," a tripping *morceau*, by Albert Ricordi.

PRINTING IN GERMANY keeps its four hundred and fiftieth birthday this year, and the Teutonic Printers' Union intend to celebrate the anniversary right worthily. A grand commemoration was planned for the quatercentenary in 1840, but political disturbances prevented the festival, so that the German printers are anxious not to let the present anniversary pass unnoticed.

THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY AT THE VATICAN, to be opened in May, is being fitted up with the newest and most elaborate instruments. Besides the study of meteorology proper and volcanic phenomena, the observatory is intended to provide especial facilities for photographing the heavens. A congress of Italian scientists will assemble for the inauguration.

JOURNALISTIC CRITICISM is a dangerous calling in Hungary. An article which appeared recently in a journal at Klausenburg gave so much offence that it led to no fewer than thirteen duels. The editor of the paper fought four duels—in one of which he killed his opponent; the author of the obnoxious article passed safely through three encounters; and the sub-editor took the lion's share with six combats.

THE CROWN PRINCESS STÉPHANIE OF AUSTRIA is now publishing her reminiscences of the Eastern tour which she made some years ago with her late husband. Originally the Princess printed these notes simply for private circulation among her friends, but her descriptions of various Greek and Turkish ports were so graphic and elaborate that they have been included as a special supplement to an Austrian work—"The Seaports of International Commerce."

ROME laments a serious falling-off of visitors this season, thanks to the influenza, business depression, and Court mourning. Formerly, some 100,000 foreigners came for the Carnival, but this year there were scarcely 6,000 visitors. Moreover, the regular population of the city diminishes steadily since the beginning of the present industrial crisis, and fully 4,000 houses are empty, which could accommodate quite 20,000 inhabitants.

POLICEMEN are so scarce in Paris that an outcry is being raised for another 1,000 *gardiens de la paix*. Twenty years ago there were 6,800 police to protect 1,800,000 inhabitants, now there are only 6,117 for 2,300,000 persons. Fully half of these *gardiens* are engaged in guarding public buildings, the markets, and other institutions, besides those at the police-stations, so that the 3,000 available for street duty have very long beats, and far too wide an area to protect effectually.

FRANCE is welcoming her Stanley in Captain Trivier, who crossed Africa from the Congo to Zanzibar with a single companion. At a banquet in Paris, the explorer gave a most interesting account of his travels, but drew a somewhat unflattering picture of the foreign colonies on the Dark Continent. He considers that to colonise the Gaboon district and adjoining regions is a useless sacrifice of life and money. "The country produces little, and the climate is atrocious. If Europeans are sent there, the first necessity is a cemetery for them." He intended to meet Stanley on the road, but was obliged to change his route and return by Lake Nyassa. The tribes were most friendly, and the climate was "the worst enemy." Indeed M. Trivier lost an eye through severe inflammation caused by the intense heat. He is a quiet little man, thin and nervous, with close-cut black hair and sallow complexion.



time immemorial the Parisian votaries of Terpsichore—and always been legion—have patronised certain localities devoted to their favourite pastime, migrating from one as fashion or fancy led them. From 1840 to 1870 the most fashionable and popular “bastringues” showed a marked increase on the preceding years, fresh candidates for public notice springing up in all directions like mushrooms, and in the meantime the old ones were rapidly disappearing. With few exceptions the “bastringues Parisiennes,” as Alfred Delvau appropriately called them, have ceased to exist; the gardens have been built over, the “salles de bal” converted to more prosaic uses. The memory of many of them are now as forgotten as the sites they occupied; for who, save the few surviving witnesses of the past, could point out the exact spot where the “bastringues” once flourished, or trace, amid the labyrinth of streets and suburban villas, even a vestige of the short-lived pleasure resorts?

At Folies-Aux-Asnières!

—the date of my first visit—the former of these establishments—though it had already lost somewhat of its vogue, was still in full swing, and the rollicking chorus,

Les étudiants s'en vont à la Chaumière,

the earlier years of the Second Empire, the two most frequented arenas for the display of terpsichorean art were indisputably Jardin Mabille and the Château des Veuves, the former occupying a tolerably extensive space of the Avenue des Veuves, and the latter forming a sort of the top of the Champs Elysées, almost exactly opposite the Boulevard. They could not be called rivals, both being under the same management, and open on alternate nights; each had its regular promenade with recesses on either side, in which were placed the "table de billard," the "billard Chinois," and the "billard américain." Of the two, Mabille was incomparably most popular, and it was considered the correct thing to finish the evening with a preliminary visit to the neighbouring Cirque d'été, and then to be presided over by the able musicians of the Orchestre Métropolitain, and the solitary quadrille wherein the dancers exclusively figured, had their appointed place in his private capacity a respectable leather-seller, the "Monsieur Rigolette," and above all, the singularly popular "Monsieur Pomaré," better known as "La Reine Pomaré," imitations of her own invention, were never-failing magnets to the public who applauded them? "Où sont-ils maintenant?"

I have nothing favourable to say of the dull and generally-deserted Château Rouge, of the pretentious and garish Casino Cadet, where the clever Arban gave concerts to which no one listened, or of the score of minor "bastringues" scattered about the city from one barrier to another; one relic of the past, however, the Bal Valentino in the Rue St. Honoré, may fairly claim a word of mention. Mr. Charles Greville, who visited it in 1837, describes the scene in his memoirs as follows: "Two large rooms almost thrown into one, a numerous and excellent orchestra (conducted by the famous Musard), and a prodigious crowd of people. . . . It was well-regulated uproar and orderly confusion." Five-and-twenty years later, it had degenerated into a sort of "high-life-below-stairs" Saturnalia; and, it was quite on the cards, if curiosity tempted you to pay your entrance money at the door, that you might discover your own valet (if you had one), attired in your best evening suit, and whirling round the room with a flaunting damsel whose smart silk dress belonged more legitimately to her mistress's wardrobe than to that of Mademoiselle l'Ifine. C. H.

## II.

The chief value of artificial breeding in the case of salmon, as in the case of the lobster, consists in the protection accorded to the young, their enemies being ever present in literal thousands—the “coral” being much relished by all kinds of fish as a toothsome morsel. Lobsters, as a rule, do not reach the public till they have been boiled, during which process their colour changes from black to red:—

An important fact connected with the lobster supply of recent years has become known, namely, that an all-over decrease has taken place in the size of lobsters now captured, and that will undoubtedly prove of as much importance before long as would a decrease in the number taken, unless the provisions of the Act of Parliament be more rigidly enforced. The total number captured in the seas of the United Kingdom in 1889, amounted, it may be here stated, to 1,699,099 in individual lobsters, of which 407,650 were landed on the Irish coasts.

Action ought at once to be taken to prevent the capture of this valuable animal while it is in the very act of repeating the story of its birth. It was a mistake of good-natured Mr. Buckland to make that concession to the cooks which has already been described. The sale of lobster spawn ought to have been sternly prohibited. Had that been done, the ingenious chiefs of our kitchens would soon have found a substitute for the much-desired "coral." J. G. B.

## FACT AND FICTION

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL has somewhere told us how the blacksmith of a certain village with which he was acquainted once got hold of a copy of Richardson's *Pamela* which he forthwith began to read aloud to his fellow villagers, evening after evening, seated on his anvil. The work is prolix and tedious enough from the point of view of the modern reader; but this much is certain, that the public-spirited blacksmith never failed to have an attentive audience. When the labours of the day were over, the good folks—men, women, and children—clustered about him in his shed, and thus evening by evening, and week by week—for the reading was a slow business, and no skipping was tolerated—the long-winded story was patiently waded through. When at length the happy consummation was reached, the pent-up feelings of the villagers broke loose. In a perfect frenzy of delight they gave a unanimous shout; proceeded at once to obtain possession of the church keys; and actually set the parish-bells a-ringing in honour of the satisfactory termination of the heroine's early troubles.

This incident is curious, as showing how impossible it is, before a certain stage of intelligence has been reached, to draw any hard and fast line of distinction between fiction and fact. Strange as it may appear to the well-trained novel-reader of modern times, to whom fiction is at worst an idle amusement, or at best a fine art, it is nevertheless certain that the natural tendency among the uneducated and inexperienced is to regard all stories as true, and that this tendency is only overcome with more or less difficulty—in some cases is never overcome at all. Hence that entire self-abandonment, that complete and all-absorbing interest, exhibited by children, and other uninitiated readers of fiction, in the fate of the heroes and heroines of their favourite romances—characters which are every whit as real and living to them as the flesh-and-blood men and women with whom they live and speak. What a boon would a little of such unquestioning faith be to the apathetic critic or the listless subscriber to the circulating library, who, having long ceased to believe in their fiction, have but a dull half-hearted sympathy with characters whom they meet without pleasure, and part from without regret. They have the author's word for it that the girl was beautiful, and the young fellow all that a young fellow ought to be. But there the matter ends. By most readers the story is only regarded as the means of killing a weary hour; while those who take fiction at all seriously are concerned far more with the writer's method and skill than with the movements of the puppets which he brings into play. Nowadays, it is philistine and vulgar to read a story for the sake of the story—which is perhaps fortunate, seeing how many of our modern novelists have absolutely no story to tell.

It is the same at the theatre. The play itself, considered as a work of art ; the scenery and stage management ; the actors and the acting, to say nothing of the audience—these are the things which absorb all the attention which the cultivated playgoer has to bestow. Rarely, if ever, does the sense of reality creep in ; rarely, if ever, are the barriers swept away which divide the actual world from that imaginary world into which, for the time being, we are privileged to glance. How well do we remember the remark made to us by a friend, when we were returning together from witnessing a performance of Ibsen's *Doll's House* : " I forgot it was only a play ; I believed in it as though it had all been true ! " For once the sense of absolute reality had been there ; and so strange did it seem that we thought the circumstance worthy of special remark.

But in this case, as in the case of romance before referred to, there are many incidents which might be cited to show that the mingling of fact and fiction is natural—and, indeed, inevitable—in the earlier stages of intellectual growth; and that the separation only comes with maturer years and higher education.

With much of the same result. In one of the wilder parts of California—the extent of the dramatic knowledge of which may be judged by the fact that a local house once hailed the falling of the curtain on a performance of *Hamlet*, by long and prolonged shouts for the author, which were only silenced when the manager stepped before the curtain and informed the company that Mr. Shakespeare had died some time ago—a brawny miner, witnessing a play in which a little girl was ill-treated by the villain, threw off his coat, and sprang on to the stage with the ominous words, "Wait till I get at him—that's all!" Nor need we go to California for like examples of inability to separate romance from reality. A yodel from the Western Counties, on a visit to the metropolis, was once taken to a theatre, where it chanced that the play given contained a scene in which one man hides from another in a cupboard. When the second actor entered, and began his useless search—looking, of course, everywhere but in the right place—the good fellow's feelings became too much for him: "He's hiding in the cobard, maister," he shouted at the top of his voice, to the no small amusement of the audience, and, as may be imagined, not a little to the embarrassment of the performers.

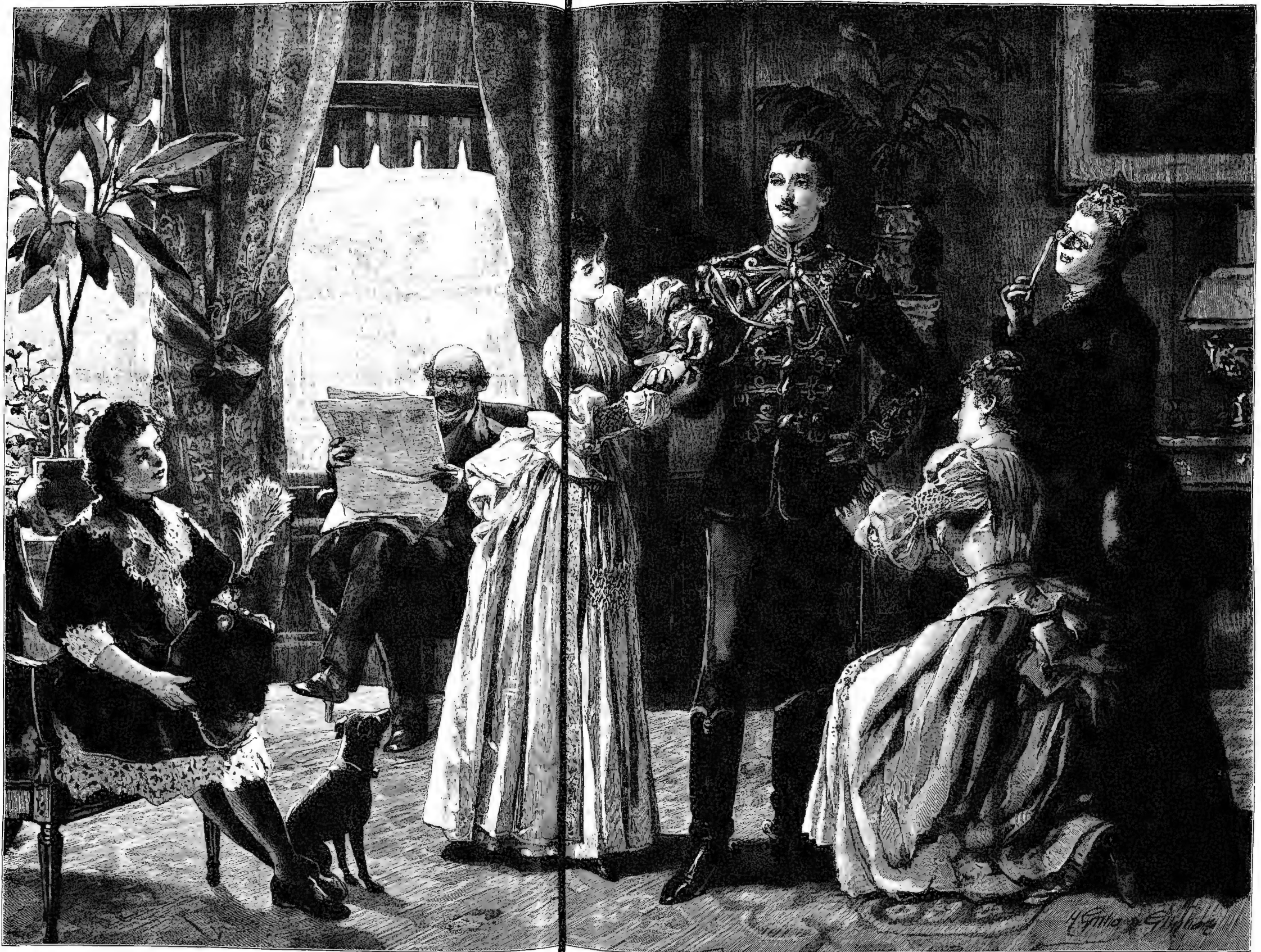
A very early incident of this kind is recorded in connection with the once famous Robert Cox, who is known to students of theatrical history for the large part which he took in keeping the dramatic spirit of this country alive during the time of the Commonwealth. In a curious little volume, published in 1672, and entitled "The Wits," Kirkman relates an incident which befell Cox on one occasion when he was engaged in a country town in a play in which he filled the rôle of a smith. After the performance was over, a master smith of the neighbourhood, charmed with his use of anvil and iron, came bustling behind the scenes for the purpose of offering him twelve-pence a week more than he paid any of his other journeymen. Doubtless the good man was considerably surprised when he found that Cox was unwilling to listen to his overtures, and, indeed, knew less about the practical work of a smithy than the youngest boy in his establishment.

Readers of dramatic biography will probably recall many anecdotes of the same kind, but space can be found here for one only. A good many years ago at Greenock some performances were given of the once-popular *Anchor of Hope*, a piece containing an exciting scene in which there is a fight between a band of smugglers and a captain. It happened that one evening gallery and pit were filled with sailors from the Channel fleet, which had just anchored outside the town. All went well enough till the smugglers attacked the captain, and then in a moment the whole house was thrown into confusion. A perfect stampede of outraged tars struggled on to the stage, where they fell upon the smugglers and routed them, amidst the intense excitement of the onlookers. It was only with the greatest difficulty that they could be made to understand that, after all, it was "only acting."

W. H. H.

Now, like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.



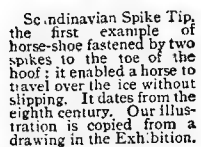


"HIS FIRST LEVÉE"  
BY H. GILLARD CLINDONI

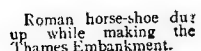


AN exhibition of ancient and modern horse-shoes was opened last week in the rooms at the Animals' Institute, 9, Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place, Belgravia. There are upwards of one thousand specimens of shoes, dating from the age of Caractacus, down to the hand-wrought and machine-made shoe of the most approved modern kind. There is also a very large collection of nails and other appliances for fastening the shoe to the foot. Some of the shoes are without nails, adhering to the foot naturally, without any artificial aid. Others were intended to be fastened with bands, and a number of nails of very clumsy character are to be seen, which must have inflicted severe if not lasting injury upon the poor horse on which they were used.

The oldest shoe is in a small case on a table to the left on entering. This was found under a mound at Tenbury, in Worcestershire, by Mr. John Robinson, the High Bailiff, known as the mound of Caractacus, and covered the remains of his warriors after his defeat by Ostorius, A.D. 50. The iron is much corroded, but in a perfect state of preservation. It measures  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. in length, by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. in its widest part. Those who are able to reconstruct the

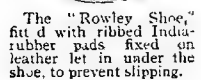


Underneath and side view of a Roman horse-shoe, the earliest known example of a nailless horse-shoe, found in a Roman camp near Mayence. From a drawing in the Exhibition.

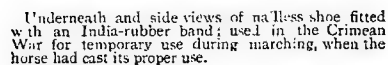


Modern Racing shoe.

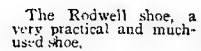
Roman horse shoe dug up while excavating for a pier of a bridge.



The "Edinburgh" and "Manchester" shoes, fitted with movable spikes for heavy roads and to prevent slipping.



Shoe fitted with an India-rubber pad, to protect the frog of the foot.



The Anglo-Belgian shoe, fitted with movable India-rubber pads, to pre-

The Norwegian shoe, inlaid with wood, to prevent slipping on wood.

horse from one of his shoes judge that the horses of that day must have been small and sturdy animals. There are seven other shoes on the same table, many of which must date from the complete occupation of Great Britain by the Romans. All of the shoes contain nail holes; and many holes are still filled with broken-headed nails.

Several of these shoes were found in the neighbourhood of London, and one close to the Thames Embankment. One Roman shoe is very broad on both quarters, and measures 6 in. in length, by  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in.; this is a near-side fore-shoe. Another of the same type is the hind-shoe, and both are "fullered" for the nail holes. One of these still retains the maker's punch mark. The horses must have been very much bigger animals than those of the age of Caractacus. The Roman shoes must have taken quite half a day to forge, and placed beside them is a pretty machine-made shoe, which are turned out at the rate of four hundred a minute by Firth, of Troy, United States.

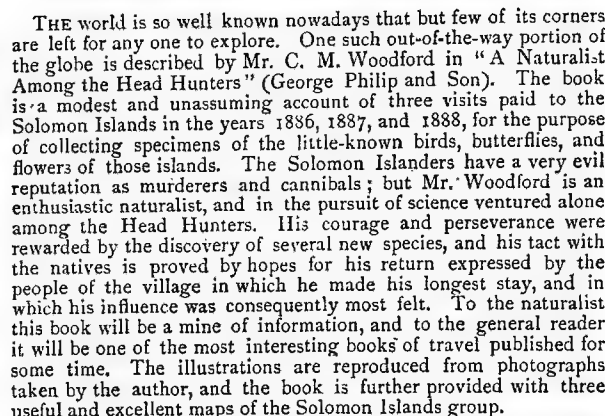
On large boards, in another portion of the room, are one hundred different varieties of horse-shoes, representing those in use during the last three hundred years. The whole Exhibition is one of great interest to lovers of all animals that are shod.—For the foregoing description we are indebted to the *Standard*.

THE sudden and severe frost of March was quite as remarkable as the long-continued mildness of January. In January, the thermometer rose to a point rarely touched in that month; and every part of Western Europe, as well as the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, shared in the warmth; and, on the other hand, the

sudden frost which ushered in March was felt in every country of Europe from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean, and the United States just at the same time experienced a very marked fall of the thermometer. The cold therefore seems to have spread nearly half round the world in the Northern Hemisphere, and it might be curious to speculate upon the causes of such a remarkable and widespread fall of temperature. Within the British Islands, the feature of the sudden cold snap was the advance of a comparatively small depression from the north-west over Scotland and South-eastern England. In Scotland, there were no very marked results of the passage of depression; but in England, especially in the district between Cambridge and Dover, the cold which followed the recovery of the barometer from the lowest point was not only the most severe experienced in any part of the British Islands this winter, but exceeds the amount of cold recorded for several years. The cold reported near Canterbury on Tuesday morning, two degrees above zero, is the lowest noted in any part of England since the memorable frost of January, 1881, and is lower by several degrees than the most severe frost reported from the top of Ben Nevis this winter. This icy grip of March, though sharp and sudden, can scarcely be called abnormal. People generally reckon March as a spring month, forgetful of the fact that more snow usually falls in the first fortnight of March than in any other fortnight throughout the winter. And, in this case, not only did more snow fall, but, in many parts of the country, the snow that fell was the solitary specimen of a snowstorm this winter.

One feature of the cold which was specially unpleasant to people of the South of England was, that the frost was much more intense and continued for a longer time in the South-Eastern counties of England than in the North of Scotland. There was a difference of no less than forty degrees between the cold reported in some parts of Kent and the cold at the same hour of Tuesday morning in Shetland and the Hebrides; but the North was then under the influence of a warm wind from the Atlantic, while the Polar current still sent its icy blast over Kent. The results of such a decided check to vegetation will be salutary on the whole in the keeping back of premature growth, but the cold was so intense that it is certain that the more delicate plants and trees exposed to it must have suffered severely. Sheep in the fields also, which have hitherto had a most favourable season, cannot fail to suffer from the sudden coldness, and it will be fortunate if the returns of the Registrar-General do not bear marked traces of it also. But it is a general rule, both with hot periods and with cold, that soon come, soon gone, and, in this respect, the frost of the first week of March bears a strong likeness to the much more moderate frost of December, which, like it, was but little felt in Scotland, though in Southern England and the greater part of France it was sharp enough to raise hopes of a winter of skating and curling, which were not destined to be fulfilled.

A.C.



"The Islands of the Ægean" (Clarendon Press) is an account of three journeys to the Cyclades, the islands off the coast of Asia Minor, and the islands of the Thracian Sea, undertaken during the last fifteen years by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. The author has visited every island of any importance in the Ægean Sea, and gives a very interesting account of the remarkable tunnel and aqueduct at Samos, which is said by Herodotus to have been the work of Eupalinus. All traces of the tunnel had been lost for centuries, when it was accidentally discovered by a priest about seven years ago. At Patmos Mr. Tozer saw the Monastery and Cave of the Apocalypse, and was allowed to visit the library of the Monastery, which contains some very valuable MSS., among them being the famous Codex N., a manuscript of the Book of Job, and two books of the Gospels. Though somewhat prosily written, the book is extremely interesting, especially to those who have travelled, or who intend to travel, in the Levant. A map of the Ægean Sea is placed at the beginning of the volume.

A curious piece of English social history is recounted in "The King's Book of Sports," by L. A. Govett, M.A. (Elliot Stock). "The Book of Sports" was issued by James I. in 1618, allowing or encouraging all those people who had been to church in the morning to spend Sunday afternoon in playing old English games, except bull and bear-baiting, and bowls among the lower orders. The Puritans were strongly against sports on Sunday, and the Declaration raised such a storm that it was withdrawn in 1620. In 1633 "The Book of Sports" was republished by Charles I., and caused great excitement all over the kingdom, many of the clergy being suspended for refusing to read it in church. The book was the cause of Laud's fall, and one of the principal causes of the Civil War. Shakespeare Societies will be amused to hear how indignantly the author of "The Stage Condemn'd" lashed the wickedness of the time because Shakespeare's plays were printed on the best paper.

"In Tennyson Land," by J. Cuming Walters (George Redway), is a book of the class that from time to time draws forth indignant and undignified protest from the Poet Laureate. It is a record of wanderings in and about the little village of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where Lord Tennyson was born, with the hope of identifying the scenery which inspires the poet's descriptions. If Mr. Walters has not been very successful in particular instances it is because the Laureate does not belong to the school of literary photographers, but is himself in a large measure the creator of the scenes he describes. But Mr. Walters has very skillfully pointed out the influence exercised by the scenery of Lincolnshire over the poet's mind, and the frequency with which similes drawn from the country round Somersby recur in his works. All lovers of Tennyson will appreciate this little book, the value of which is greatly increased by the beautiful illustrations of the places and scenes among which the poet was brought up, and which have, perhaps without his knowledge, served as his models.

"A Visit to the Transvaal" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) is a reprint of some capital papers by Mr. Pearse Morrison, contributed

to a London newspaper. All those interested in the Transvaal goldfields, whether as investors or as intending emigrants, will be glad to read Mr. Morrison's unpretending account of what he saw on his two visits to this Eldorado. They will learn something about the mines, and a good deal about what immigrants have to do and put up with. Like all South Africans, Mr. Morrison bewails the madness that caused us to fling away this valuable country; and, finally, he advises no one to go out to the goldfields merely because he cannot get on in London. The skilled artisan is in demand, the clerk is a drug in the market.

"Fireside Flittings: a Book of Homely Essays" (Stonesby and Co.), is a dainty, vellum-bound little volume, containing the opinions of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson. "A Race for Life: a Sketch in the Tyneside Dialect," is amusing.

Tyneside Dialect," is amusing. "Janet Hamilton, and Other Papers," by Joseph Wright (R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh), is a sketch of an old Scotch peasant poetess, who died only a year or two ago. The simple story is marred by the "unco' guid" style in which it is told; but, in spite of this, the figure of the old Lowland poetess, with her love for the great masters of English verse, stands; and a noble survival of a plain and sturdy generation.

generation. "Sermons to Boys," by J. T. Bramston, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). Boys are in many respects a difficult audience to deal with. They have not yet learned to make allowance for the obstacles that have to be overcome in every undertaking, and are apt to express their disapproval in whatever phrase of blunt schoolboy vernacular may happen to be in vogue. But nothing do they see through so quickly as goody-goody and humbug, and the preacher who addresses boys has an arduous task before him. It is therefore high praise to say that Mr. Bramston's sermons, preached in Winchester College Chapel, are in many respects models of what such sermons should be. They are manly and straight-forward, and appeal to the best side of a boy's impressionable nature. — Dean Alfred Root and

best side of a boy's impressionable nature. "Mexico and Her Resources," by A. J. Dunn (Alfred Boot and Sons). Mr. Dunn speaks warmly of Mexico as a country with a future, and as a land suited for English capital and English energy. Under the Presidency of General Porfirio Diaz peace and prosperity reign in the land, which is rich in mineral and agricultural wealth. Mr. Dunn recommends English immigrants to settle in small colonies, and states that English is spoken in most of the towns. Full statistics are provided, and extracts from the Colonisation Act of 1882 are given in the appendix.

"Modes of Painting," by J. Scott Taylor (Winsor and Newton), is, as its title implies, a short sketch of all the different methods employed in painting, from pencil-drawing to oil-painting. It is a little handbook that will be useful to smatterers.

Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," translated by Fairfax (Routledge), forms the seventh volume of Mr. Henry Morley's useful "Carisbrooke Library." It is a reprint of the edition of 1600, and is prefaced by some excellent introductory notices by Mr. Morley. The masterpiece of Torquato Tasso celebrates the First Crusade, which was preached by Peter the Hermit, supported by Pope Urban II., and led by Godfrey de Bouillon. The capture of Jerusalem took place in 1099, but the poem celebrating the event was not finished until 1574. Fairfax was doubtless inspired by the "Faery Queen;" and, as a translator, was preceded by Carew, who published five cantos of "Jerusalem Delivered" in 1594, twenty years after its completion by Tasso. This translation by Fairfax has always held a high place in English literature; and our thanks are due to the editor and publisher for giving so excellent a work such an accessible form.

"Idle Musings," by E. Conder Gray (William Heinemann), are pleasantly-written little essays on commonplace subjects, and will serve admirably to wile away an idle half-hour or two.

In "Ready Reference: The Universal Cyclopædia," by W. Ralston Balch (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh), the compiler has produced one of those encyclopædic volumes which are so popular at the present day, and which serve many men in place of a memory. "Ready Reference" contains a dictionary, and a concise account of everything that everybody wants to know. In future editions, a little judicious pruning would probably not detract from the value of the book.

"Russia," by W. R. Morfill, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin), is the twenty-third volume of that most useful series "The Story of the Nations." The history of Russia is perhaps less known in England than that of any other European nation, and Mr. Morfill has done an excellent piece of work in giving us a sketch of the Empire of the Czars in one handy volume. It is true that he has rather Bowdlerised his subject, and filled in his canvas with neutral tints, some of the fierce rulers of Muscovy being hardly recognisable in the suave and rather colourless presentments of Mr. Morfill. There are some useful chapters on Russian literature and social customs and institutions. The book is capitally illustrated, and is provided with maps, and a genealogical table of the House of Romanov. Mr. Morfill has produced a book that was much needed, and his work was evidently a labour of love with him.

Vol. XX. of "The Antiquary" (Elliot Stock), is, like its predecessors, full of fascinating antiquarian lore. The series of papers on "The Records of St. Thomas's Hospital" is particularly interesting.

"The Life of P. T. Barnum," written by himself (The *Courier* Company, Buffalo), is a thoroughly characteristic book. The great showman has republished his most amusing accounts of his life, and of all the various enterprises he took up in pursuit of wealth. On every page there is a good story or an anecdote, and the whole is told with such a simple and straightforward egotism, and with so much dry Yankee humour, that the perpetual recurrence of the first person pronoun fails to offend. The book is a remarkable chronicle of indomitable pluck and perseverance. Some of the illustrations are worthy of a niche in Barnum's collection of freaks.

"The Gift of D. D. Home," by Madame Dunglas Home (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). This book contains a detailed account of the *séances* held by Mr. Home, the spiritualist, in Florence, London, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Petersburg, and many other places. There is also mention made of well-known persons who believed in Mr. Home's powers, and men like Professors Faraday and Tyndall who absolutely refused to credit them. The book is, of course, written from a purely partisan point of view, in answer to the attacks made on the late Mr. Home, but the details of the various *séances* and the particulars of a half-forgotten controversy will doubtless be of interest to those who are interested in spiritualism.

"English Intercourse with Siam in the Seventeenth Century," by John Anderson, M.D., LL.D. Edin., F.R.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). This volume is the latest addition to Trübner's "Oriental Series," and it is well worthy of a place in that learned collection. Dr. Anderson has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of his subject, and he treats of a period when English trade with Siam rose to considerable proportions. The East India Company first decided to compete in the Siam trade in 1611, and in that year the *Globe* was despatched from London, reaching Patani, in Lower Siam, on June 23rd in the following year. Nicolo di Conti was the first European who visited Mergui, and he travelled overland from Europe, reaching Siam about 1427, or just seventy years before Vasco di Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope. The first to establish a trading station at Patani were the Portuguese, in 1517, and they were followed by the Dutch in 1602. The arrival of the English ten years later gave great offence to the Dutch, and, in 1610, war broke



ou. between the rival nations, which did great damage to trade. The first Frenchmen—missionaries—arrived in Siam in 1662, and, in 1675, an embassy sent by Louis XIV., to secure trading privileges, reached the Court of Siam. The first French trading station was founded in 1680, and the French merchants rapidly acquired great influence with the Emperor. During this period the extraordinary adventurer Phaulkon was the most powerful man in Siam, and his rule was very favourable to the foreign traders, but, in 1687, the East India Company, who were rising to power, declared war against the King of Siam. This was followed by a massacre of the Europeans, and next year a revolution broke out, in which the Emperor and his family and the great Minister Phaulkon were murdered. From that year dates the decline of English trade with Siam. Revolution followed revolution, with the natural consequence that the country became impoverished, and trade impossible. During the seventeenth century Siam flourished, and its trade with the European merchants brought it great wealth, but during the eighteenth century it forfeited all its advantages, and the East India Company turned to making history in Hindostan. It was not until October 6th, 1824, that a force, under Sir A. Campbell, captured Mergui, the port which King James II. had coveted more than one hundred and thirty years before. Dr. Anderson's book is illustrated by a sketch map, and is a work which all who are interested in the East Indies will read with keen interest.

Mr. Alfred Rimmer's "Summer Rambles around Manchester" (John Heywood, Manchester) is a very pleasant volume. Mr. Rimmer is one of those—now happily increasing in number—who have a genuine love for the rural roads of England—the coach-roads and cross-paths, once alive with traffic, but since the railway days almost deserted. Mr. Rimmer tells us that he has walked through every county in England "from Truro to Hexham," and he has much that is interesting to say on English rural scenery. He dwells upon the fact that American visitors to England take much more interest in our country than we do ourselves, and suggests that shortly some American Cook or Gaze may organise excursions here to show Englishmen the beauties of their own land. We can imagine no pleasanter occupation for Manchester folk on summer Saturdays and Sundays than to visit, under Mr. Rimmer's guidance, the places described in this volume; to see the great houses, and learn something of their former occupants; to gain some knowledge of architecture and local history; and to breathe the pure air which exists beyond the Manchester smoke-belt. Mr. Rimmer's book (which originally appeared in parts in the *Manchester Guardian*) is illustrated by a series of neat and careful drawings of scenery and buildings.

### LENT RACING AT CAMBRIDGE

At the very commencement of the Lent Term the University crew begin to practise at Cambridge, and all the thoughts of the boating men are concentrated on their representatives in the coming struggle at Putney; but even the less exalted orders of rowing men are not overlooked, for the Second and Third Division races have to be trained for, not to speak of the race for the position of last boat on the river, which is to many freshmen the introduction to serious rowing on the Cam.

Every year, before the Lent Races begin, the last boat on the river has to fight for its place against all comers who are not already upon the lists. Any boat not on the river may aspire to the last place, and may challenge the holder to compete. If a college has enough decent rowing men after filling the boats it has in the Second and Third Divisions, it picks out the best of them to man a challenging boat. These boats train with those already on the river, and the crush from the Boat-houses to Bait-sbite is something appalling to a stranger, for all the Second and Third Division boats are hard at work under the eye of the coach, as well as the challenging-eights and the numberless tub-pairs. In the middle of it all comes the cry that the 'Varsity are coming, a horse or two is seen trotting along the bank surrounded by a silent and eager crowd, running with the crew, and watching their work with keen interest. Then the boat itself comes in view, the light-blue oars rising and falling in measured swing; and all the smaller fry scuttle out of the way, and, drawing into the bank, ship their oars to let the heroes go by.

Many an unhappy first-boat man envies the 'Varsity coach his comfortable seat on horseback; for during the months of January and February the towpath is anything but suited for running, as it is generally trampled into a sea of mud, diversified by broad puddles, which send a jet of cold and dirty water up the legs of any one who dashes through them. But it all comes into the afternoon's work. All along the river is a succession of boats, manned by eight freshmen and second-year men, all endeavouring to learn the noble art of rowing under difficulties, and all doing their rather awkward best to obey the hoarse monitions of their coach. And on the bank is a succession of coaches, plodding along through the mud, splashing through the puddles, and slipping upon tufts of grass, but, in spite of everything, keeping a steady eye on the boat, and pouring out a continuous fire of orders, criticisms, and ejaculations upon the crews they have to lick into shape.

Practising for the Lent Races is not all child's play; sometimes a thin mist covers the river, and a steady, soaking rain comes drizzling down, drenching every one and everything; sometimes a keen, cold wind blows from over the fens, and catches the oars upon the feather, causing an unconscionable amount of splashing, and making it difficult for the shivering coxswain to keep his boat's head straight; and sometimes, in addition to the wind, there is a nipping frost that numbs the hands and seems to freeze them to the oar, while the blades are covered with a thin coating of ice long before the boat-house is reached.

But at last the hardships of training are over, and the racing for the last place on the river begins. The challenging boats compete in time races for the honour of rowing against the last boat, and when the last boat has either kept or lost its place, the Lent Races begin.

These races last four days, and are confined to the boats of the Second and Third Divisions, the First Division only rowing in the May Races. The start takes place in the Post Reach just above Bait-sbite Lock, and the two winning posts are a little beyond the railway bridge that crosses the Cam near Chesterton. Halfway down the Post Reach stands the starter, with a stop-watch in his hand, and beside him the little cannon on a wooden carriage, with which the races are started. As the time draws near, the coaches anxiously compare their watches with those of the starter, and the crew strip off their blazers and thick jerseys and hand them over to one of the college boatmen, who ties them up in a thick bundle, and follows the boat with them on his back all through the race. At the minute-gun the crews get into their boats and push off gently into mid-stream, the cox having to hold the cord that connects the boat to the starting post in his right hand, and at the same time to keep his rudder lines clear and the boat's head straight. The coach, watch in hand, carefully counts the seconds, and, when but eight or nine remain, gives the word "Forward all!" Then he counts the last seconds out loud: "Five—four—three—two—one;" the gun fires, the cox drops the connecting rope, the crew start off hurriedly in spite of their coach's entreaty to keep her steady, and the whole Post Reach is alive with the competing boats. A little knot of men run on the bank beside each boat, urging on the crew with their shouts to fresh exertions, and encouraging them with cries of "Well rowed!" and "Now you're gaining!"

Several boats meet their fate even before reaching Ditton, and Ditton Corner itself is a very favourite place for making a bump, though in the Lent Races it can hardly be called a "gallery bump," for the corner that is so gay in summer is now damp and disconsolate.

When a boat gains upon the one in front of it, the crowd of partisans upon the bank grows more clamorous in its shouts and encouragement; one enthusiast will spring a waterman's rattle, and another ring a bell, these sounds being supposed to put new strength into the struggling oarsmen. As the boat gains upon its rival the two crowds on the bank become inextricably mixed up, and both boats row their hardest, for the leaders can see their pursuers, and the gaining boat can feel the faint ripple caused by the swish of the oars in front.

No shouts of "well rowed," and no watchman's rattles, are so encouraging to the boat behind as the slight motion caused by the wash of the adversary; it tells that only a few more strokes are needed to achieve victory, and that the bump is certain. A few more vigorous strokes, and then a faint tremor runs through the boat from stem to stern, and a slight grating sound tells that the bump has been made, and that the boat's nose is running along the side of the vanquished. Both boats at once pull into the bank out of the way, and when the race is over the victors hoist their flag in the stern, and so paddle triumphantly back to the Boat-houses.

J. W. P.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE Seventeenth of March is a high day and a festival to the Irish Celt. All work is suspended, and every male, from the patriarch of eighty to the boy of three, wears a sprig of shamrock in his felt hat or cloth cap. The women alone are unadorned, but the custom of wearing crosses, which was common to both sexes a few hundred years ago, is still preserved among very young girls. These Patrick crosses are generally made of old ribbons, laces, bright pieces of cloth, and even paper, and are worn pinned on the left shoulder. They represent the introduction of the Cross by the Patron Saint, as the shamrock is the symbol of the Trinity. It is something more than a coincidence that this symbol is also employed by the followers of Iran for their Triad, and thus forms another link between widely-separated branches of the Aryan race.

For the ordinary Irishman the shamrock represents more of a patriotic than a religious sentiment, and to the hard-working Celt in America it brings back emotional memories of the home and land that he has left. As he fingers the withered bunch of trefoil which a mother or sister has sent him from the old country, he feels once more that yearning passion for his land which is one of the distinctive marks of his race. The cabin in which he was born, the green fields and the heather-clad bogs over which he has roamed, become visible realities; he is present again at dance and wake; and hears anew the thrilling whisper from some comrade which tells him of the time and place where the drill will be held that night.

Tell me, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,  
Where the gathering is to be?  
At the old spot by the river  
That's well known to you and me.

To the Irishman at home it is chiefly a day when the Saint's memory is drowned in the national drink; and, viewed over the punch-bowl, St. Patrick assumes more the character of a jovial, hard-drinking companion than of an austere saint. For little peasant girls it opens bright with the prospect of wearing a many-coloured cross all through the long spring hours of the day. No matter what the weather is, if there is a "big house" in the neighbourhood and a kind mistress reigning there, they hurry across the bogs and newly-ploughed fields, through the plantations of beech and fir, to the friendly kitchen to ask for a cross. Year after year did the irritated tone of the cook who found it thus invaded rise in our ears, "Will yees come down, Miss, for there's a sight o' shilther below." A pretty sight they were, too, with their ruddy faces framed by dark or flaxen hair, and their eyes alight with expectation. To each one we always gave one of the bright crosses which we had made the night before, and then sent them away happy, and eager to show their gifts to their parents.

Memories of these Patrick Days rise before me now—days in which there were bleak, howling winds and showers of rain or hail; days in which the white March sun and an east wind carrying dust in grey floods along the roads made everything look desolate; and days again, rare indeed, when you felt spring in the air, and heard the birds singing on some solitary hawthorn, or from the sedges by the river, while soft grey clouds, broken through here and there by the blue, garmented the sky. But whether the wind and rain stormed in their faces, or the weather was soft and mild, a procession of men and women poured along the road, piously intent upon hearing Mass at the neighbouring chapel, and of attending the "pattern" or fairing which would be held in the village street afterwards. In prayer and in pleasure St. Patrick was thus to be honoured, for the Irish Celt takes his religion mingled with large draughts of fun, and piety and laughter follow each other like the soft lights and shadows across his bare green hills. Step into the chapel and look around at the scene. First you have to make your way through the kneeling throng of worshippers who block up the steps leading into the building. These people are late comers, but their souls receive the same benefit as those of the congregation who are within. They make room for you, pausing in their prayer to bid you good morning, and you pass in to the sacred place. How pious those within seem, and how fervently they finger their rosaries!

Look at the old woman kneeling in the corner on the hard, damp flags. Her sighs and prayerful mutterings drop regularly every minute from her withered lips, yet she will bend and finger the shawl or skirt of her neighbour in front "to prise" it; then, satisfied with her scrutiny of the garment, returns once more with fervour to her prayers. That old woman still believes that the priest could turn her or any of his flock into bird or beast—a turkey-cock being the creature which he favours most for the performance of the miracle. Of summer nights she still sees the fairies dancing in the rath, or hears them whispering at the window. She can talk of the days when the French landed on the Western Coast, and is the keeper of the folk-lore of her people. She and others like her are the last of their race—the old, simple, woefully ignorant, shrewd, yet childishly-credulous Mayo Celt.

Glance at the young man by her side. He has crossed the Atlantic, and is a prominent member of the Land League. His religion sits but lightly upon him, and he comes to Mass because his neighbours do so. This day he wears the shamrock in his hat, not in memory of the Saint, but as an emblem of the Irish nation—a distinctive mark of his birth.

Further on there kneels a girl worshipping for the last time in the land of her fathers. To-morrow she starts for Cork, and America. She is pious and simple, but has got long beyond the turkey-cock belief. The Virgin Mother is for her a beneficent and powerful guardian, and it is her presence that fills the place, and her glory which the bare whitewashed walls seem to reflect. St. Patrick, too, is there, and his blessing will follow her to the new land she is about to seek. She hears the holy language, the sonorous Latin, rolling from the priest's lips, and is conscious of an awe and reverence as she listens to the sound.

Intermingled with these pious sensations is a complacent knowledge that her friends, and "the boys" kneeling near her, can see

her new shawl and the hat (an awful composition of flowers most violently opposed to each other), which have been bought for "Amireckay."

An hour later all these worshippers have dispersed about the town, most of them to drink to the Saint's memory in the numerous public-houses, a sacred duty, which sometimes continues till late in the afternoon. Others gather round the stalls which line each side of the street, where sugarcane and "crackers" (buns), flannel, and hardware are offered for sale.

Everywhere above each man's head hangs his "own immortal green," and in the tattered caubeen of the beggar, the old-fashioned top-hat of the elderly farmer, and the hard-blocker of the young man, rests the little trefoil.

Towards night the road is once more thronged by peasants, many of whom show unmistakable signs of having—as the charitable language of the country puts it—taken "a dhrop." Sober or drunk, merry or sad, all return, feeling that St. Patrick was a gentleman, a great man, and a patriot, who did for the landlord of his day by a good display of the shamrock.

MANUS

### SIR FREDERICK WILLIAM SMYTHE, K.C.M.G.

WITHOUT any previous signs of illness, Sir Frederick Smythe, Comptroller-General of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, died suddenly on Saturday, the 22nd ult., in the luncheon-room of the Bank at Constantinople. The deceased had been on the staff of the Bank from its earliest foundation, and had rendered that institution incalculable service, as is well-known in financial circles in Eastern Europe. But he was far more remarkable for the infinite trouble and inexhaustible energy which he expended in forming associations for benevolent purposes, the creation and guidance of which was the ruling passion of his life. He was universally beloved in every section of the heterogeneous population of Constantinople. The British colony was proud of him, but he was just as well known to the foreign colonies and to the native communities—



SIR FREDERICK WILLIAM SMYTHE, K.C.M.G.  
Comptroller-General of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Constantinople  
Born 1835. Died February 22 1890

Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and Hebrew. He assisted them all. He lived very modestly, spending a large proportion of his income in charity. He was laid in Scutari Cemetery on Monday, the 24th ult., in the presence of an immense concourse of people; representatives of the Imperial Court and departments of the States, delegates from the Patriarchates, the Ambassadors, and the diplomatic body, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, and humble folk in vast numbers, all of whom were fain to offer a tribute of respect to the memory of one whose simple life was ruled by the law of kindness.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Abdallah Frères, Constantinople.

### PICTURES OF JAPAN

THE series of oil and water-colour pictures illustrating the scenery of Japan which Mr. Alfred East is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, cannot fail to add greatly to his reputation. He has looked at the country through the medium of his own artistic sense, and has depicted its mountain fastnesses, its placid lakes, its flowery meadows, its villages and its temples, in a manner showing the most appreciative perception of their especial character and beauty. In a prefatory note to the catalogue, Dr. Junker informs us that they are all accurate representations of the chosen subjects. Those who remember the pictures that Mr. East has exhibited within the last two years will readily understand that it is not in their fidelity to local fact that their chief value lies. They are almost as varied in atmospheric effect as in subject. One of the largest of them, "A Distant View of Kobe, and the Inland Sea," with a tea-house and a plum tree laden with blossom in the foreground, is admirable for its rendering of suffused light and space, and for the subtle skill with which the brilliant local tints are harmonised. "Dawn on the Sacred Mountain," representing the Fugi-San, half-hidden by clouds, is a still finer work, more poetical in feeling and more impressive. Effects of a more transitory kind are admirably rendered in "Evening After a Stormy Day at Hakone," "An Angry Night," and "Afterglow of Red Sunset." Strongly contrasting with these, but equally good in their way, are the numerous pictures of tea-houses and village homesteads, surrounded by blossoming trees, and glowing with bright sunshine. The figures in all of them are skilfully introduced, and in perfect keeping with their surroundings.





HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ZETLAND, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND  
IN HIS ROBES AS GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK





HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ZETLAND



Though long expected, M. Tisza's resignation has created a deep impression in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. His retirement has been an open secret for nearly a week, but no formal announcement was made to Parliament, in order that the House might pass the Budget now under discussion. M. Tisza has been Hungarian Premier for fifteen years, and his successful management of national affairs renders the Emperor particularly unwilling to lose so able a Minister. But during the last year, since the unpopular Army Bill was brought forward, the Hungarian Opposition so harried the Premier that his position became intolerable. Dissensions in the Cabinet were the last straw, and M. Tisza took advantage of the Kossuth difficulty to resign his post. According to Hungarian law, Kossuth would have lost his rights as a citizen in January last, through not having resided in the country for ten years, but M. Tisza announced in Parliament that this penalty would be waived, as the absentee patriot was a freeman of several Hungarian towns, and he further promised to insert a special clause in the Naturalisation Bill. Kossuth's subsequent haughty letter, refusing to acknowledge the Emperor King of Hungary, rendered such an act impossible. Yet M. Tisza felt bound to adhere to his promise, and hence the Ministerial crisis. He will be succeeded as Premier by Count Szapáry—until now Minister of Agriculture—who will not make many alterations in the Cabinet. Count Szapáry's previous record does not promise well for his success in facing the difficulties of the Premiership. When he was Finance Minister some years ago, the monetary affairs of the country became so involved that M. Tisza was obliged to take the matter in hand. However, the Count will have the support of his

THE QUEEN returned to Windsor from Buckingham Palace at the close of last week, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales. The Princess went back to town next morning, and the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian Victor arrived on a visit. Her Majesty gave a small dinner party on Saturday evening, and additional guests were invited later to hear the Queen's private band play before the Royal party. On Sunday morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where Canon Legge preached, and in the evening Prince Christian Victor left the Castle. The Duke of Edinburgh returned to town next morning, when the retiring and the new Persian Ministers were received in audience. Prince and Princess Henry went to town in the evening to the Prince and Princess of Wales' dance, and returned to Windsor on Tuesday in time to hear the members of the Children's Orchestra play before the Queen, at Her Majesty's request. The Duchess of Albany kept Her Majesty

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT.—It was a pity that the success of the testimonial concert given on Tuesday to



LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week. The deaths numbered 1,889 against 1,802 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 87, while the death-rate reached 22·3 per 1,000. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs were augmented by the severe cold of the beginning of the week, and advanced to 510, an increase of 18 and 7 above the average. The fatalities from influenza numbered 24, a rise of 1. There were 95 deaths from whooping-cough (a decrease of 2), 35 from measles (an advance of 16), 19 from diphtheria (a fall of 5), 12 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 2), 9 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 3) 4 from enteric fever (a fall of 3), and 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever. Different forms of violence caused 65 deaths, of which 20 were cases of suffocation in infants under a year old. There were 2,536 births registered, a decline of 24.





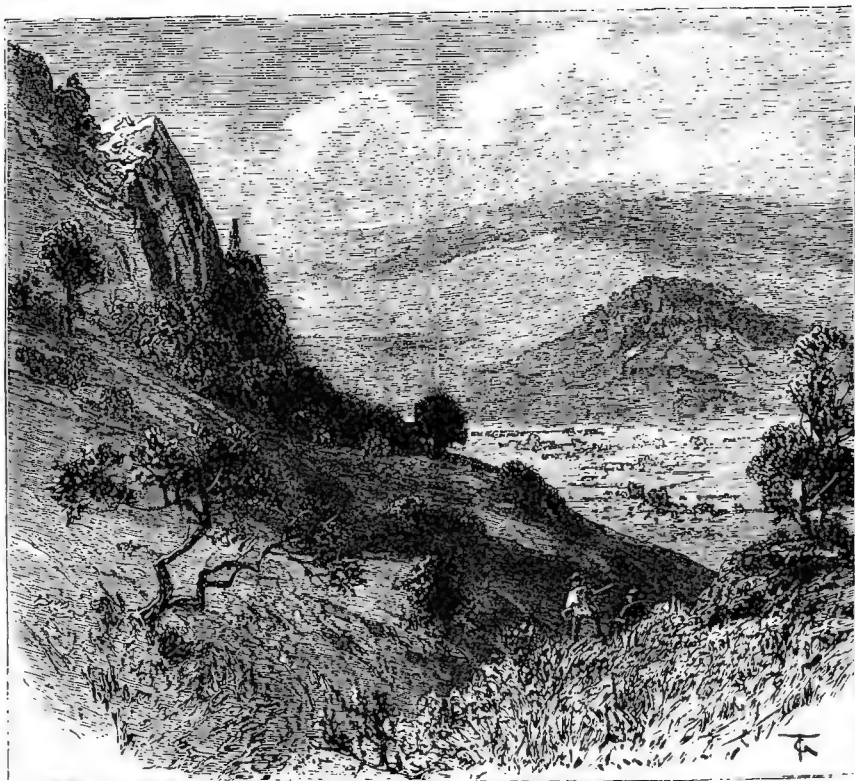
"THE MARABASTAD POST ARRIVES"



CIVILISED AND UNCIVILISED—AN ILLICIT DIAMOND-BUYER AND HIS VICTIMS



LADIES' VISIT TO THE JUMPERS' GOLD MINING COMPANY—GOING DOWN IN THE CAGE



WOODBUSH VILLAGE, ZOUTSPANSBERG



SCENE IN THE OPEN-AIR 'CHANGE, JOHANNESBURG

THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS, AND HOW TO REACH THEM









THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, it is reported, does not contemplate giving before Easter his decision in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln.—The Dean of Manchester, though a very high Churchman, has not added his voice to the chorus of protest raised by many clerics, holding his church-views, against the Primate's jurisdiction in the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln. At a recent meeting in Manchester of the English Church Union the Dean said, "I am one of those who hope much from the Lambeth trial. It seems to me clear that the Archbishop has boldly and worthily resolved upon a great experiment, with the object of letting the Church of England, if possible, speak for herself. Whatever the issue, we shall all be wiser when we have the judgment, with the assent—or otherwise—of his assessors."

THE BISHOP OF TRURO will, it is said, return to his Diocese next month, and then decide whether he will or will not resign.

THE REV. ALFRED R. TUCKER, curate of St. Nicholas, Durham, has been nominated by the Primate to the Bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa, in succession to the late Bishop Parker, who succeeded the murdered Bishop Hannington.

THE VICAR OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON has announced that the "restoration" of the chancel of the parish church will close that portion of it for almost three months. A correspondent of the *Times* points out that this would be a serious disappointment to thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world to the grave-stone and monument of Shakespeare who can visit it only once. Moreover, as no guarantee is given as to what will be done in the name of restoration when the public is shut out, he suggests it to be the duty of the Bishop, or the lay rectors, or the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or the *Times*, to intervene and watch, on behalf of the British public, the possible changes in this national monument. Is, he asks, such a monument as Shakespeare's church to be left to the mercy of a vicar (for life) and an anonymous local committee?

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK has been re-elected President of the (Roman) Catholic Union of Great Britain.

A PROPOSAL has been broached by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers for a Free Church Congress, to consist of representatives of the different sections of English Nonconformity. Whilst proceeding on somewhat similar lines to the Church Congress, which meets from year to year, great care is taken in the proposal, the *Nonconformist* says, to prevent it from being in any way interpreted as a menace to the Established Church. One of its main purposes is described as the "welding together the Evangelical Nonconformity of England into one compact and united force." Representatives of various Nonconformist bodies have expressed sympathy with the movement.

A MOVEMENT, seemingly originating with Mrs. Humphry Ward, the authoress of *Robert Elsmere*, is being promoted to establish in London an institution, not expressly, but virtually, in support and furtherance of the religious views represented as held in his later career by the hero of that work. Among its other promoters are the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the Rev. Dr. Martineau, Professor James Drummond, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe, with two members of the aristocracy—the Countess Dowager Russell and the Earl of Carlisle.



## ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

### I.

ALTHOUGH some of its most accomplished members are not exhibitors, and others send only small and unimportant works, the present exhibition of the Institute contains at least an average amount of interesting matter. In landscapes and pictures of the sea, it is almost, if not quite as strong as usual, and among the numerous figure compositions there are several of rare merit. The veteran Vice-President, Mr. H. G. Hine, this year appears in greater force than ever before. His very large "Fittleworth Common, Sussex," occupying the place of honour in the central gallery, is an admirable example of his work, masterly in style, and showing a power of rendering soft, suffused light, vaporous atmosphere and space that could scarcely be surpassed. The same fine qualities are to be seen in his smaller "View near Harting" and in a glowing little sea coast study, "Evening." On either side of Mr. Hine's large work hangs an example of Mr. E. J. Gregory's novel and unconventional manner of treating female portraiture, on a very small scale. That called "A Step on the Step" is especially charming by reason of the spontaneous grace of the lady who has just been awakened from a reverie. Both, however, are marvels of minute and elaborate workmanship, tasteful in arrangement, and gem-like in their brilliancy of colour.

Mr. Frank Dadd has infused a great deal of dramatic spirit into his imaginary picture of eighteenth-century life called "Hawks Abroad." It represents two disguised highwaymen seated in a village inn, and furtively watching a young cavalier who is paying his bill. The figures are expressive in gesture, well grouped, and painted with breadth and decisive firmness of touch. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Hawks Dinna Pike Out Hawks' Een," showing two masked highwaymen meeting on a country road, is chiefly remarkable for the skilful way in which the horses are drawn and painted. Mr. Charles Green, who has faithfully depicted so many incidents described by Dickens, now shows us the members of "The Pickwick Club" in their habitual place of meeting. Besides being good realisations of the author's description, the figures are well arranged as regards composition, natural in attitude, and life-like. Mr. Green's skill in characterisation and his fastidious love of completeness are again seen in a smaller picture representing "John Gilpin" prepared to start on his journey. Mr. Walter Langley has done nothing better than his picture of a fisherman's aged widow seated beside the window of her cottage, called "Alone." In its subdued harmony of tone and subtle rendering of direct and reflected light, as well as in its simple unaffected pathos, it resembles the work of Josef Israels. Mr. H. R. Steer shows an advance on his previous work in a well-composed and carefully-executed drawing showing Oliver Goldsmith playing the flute for the amusement of a party of ragged boys and girls who have assembled in his lodgings in "Green Arbour Court." Sir James Linton's mastery of technique is well exemplified in a small half-length figure "Waiting." Nothing could well be more delicate than the modelling of the lovely but inexpressive face, or more artistic than the treatment of the rich mediæval costume. On the same wall hang a gracefully posed and well designed small "Sea-

Born Venus" by Mr. H. J. Stock; an excellent little low-toned interior, "An Irish Cabin," by Mr. Hugh Carter; and a "View of Dordrecht Water Gate," full of movement and daylight, and painted with firm dexterity by Mr. Claude Hayes.

Landscape and figures are represented in their right relations to each other in Mr. G. Weatherbee's picture of a shepherd returning from his work on "A Misty Evening." Although it recalls J. F. Millet's manner of treating similar subjects it cannot rightly be regarded as an imitation. A less known artist, Mr. Henry J. Dobson, shows distinct originality and a great deal of technical skill in a small picture representing a sympathetic old gentleman seated beside the bed of his dying friend and playing the violin, entitled "The Last Request." This painter's picturesque rustic interior, "The Spinning Wheel," though less interesting in subject, is noteworthy for its broad illumination and full-toned harmony of colour. Beside this hangs a highly-wrought and quaintly conceived picture of classic life, "Claudia and Her Ravens," by Mr. John Scott. The girl lying on a tiger's skin has neither beauty of form nor grace of attitude, but the birds grouped about her are drawn and painted in excellent style. A frieze-like composition of many classically draped figures, "A Harvest Festival," by Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond, though too obviously an imitation of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work, shows a great deal of ability. The figures are graceful in movement, well-designed, and arranged with a fine sense of harmony of line. The picture, moreover, has refinement of colour to recommend it, and finished workmanship.

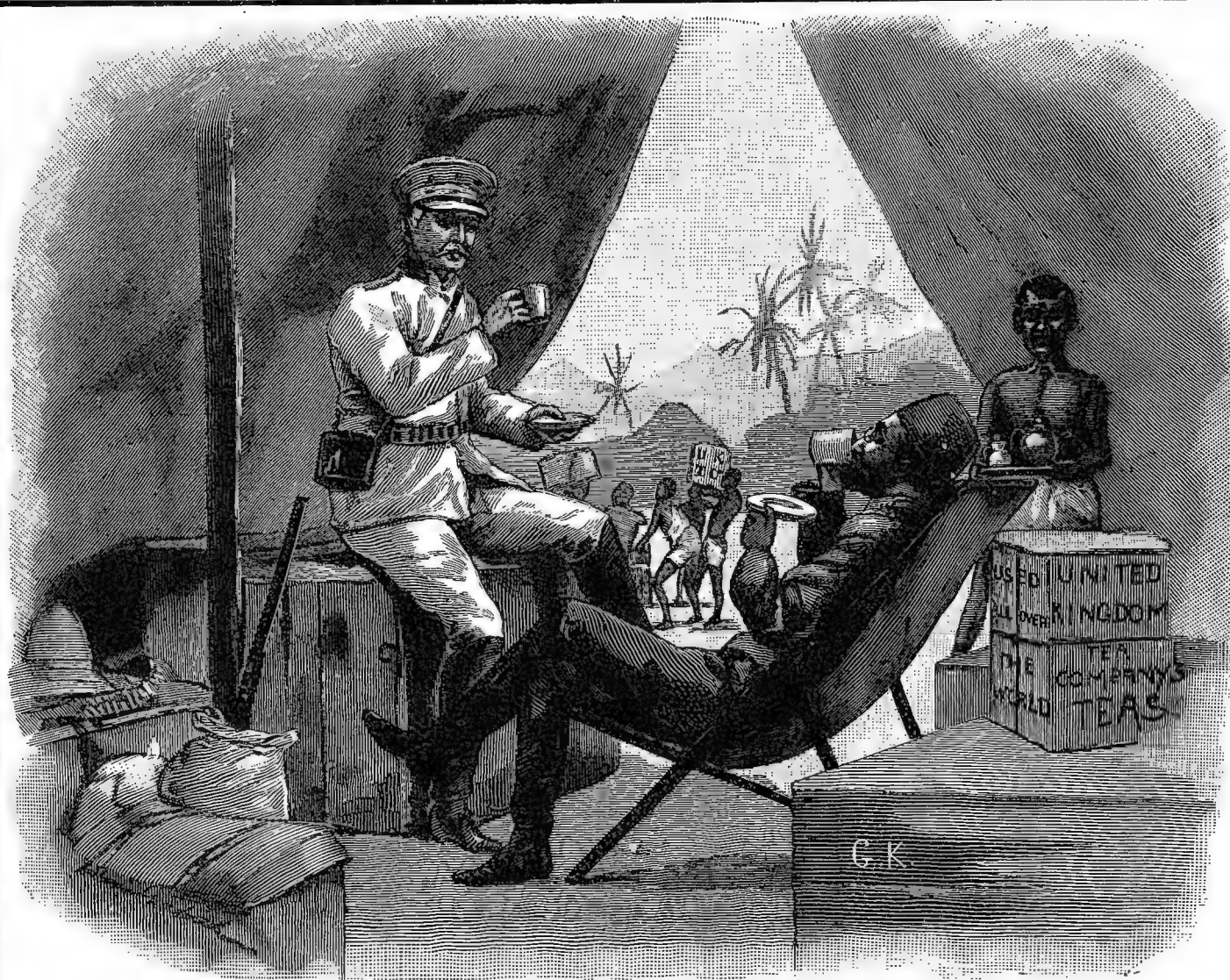
Mr. John Fulleylove has found in Rome abundant matter suited to his style. His "S. Maria del Popolo, from the Pincian," and his "Villa Medici" are as true in local colour and as artistic as any of his English pictures, and more luminous in tone than most of them. Among other small works in the central room that should not pass unnoticed are M. Jules Lessore's "Entrance to College, Oxford," Mr. Harry Hine's "Fine Evening After a Stormy Day—Lincoln," Mr. C. Earle's "At Pagano's—Capri," a brilliant coloured sketch of "The Rialto," by Mr. R. Goff, and an admirable little sea study, "H.M.S. *Devastation* and *Rodney*," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie.

### MR. DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY

MR. TOPHAM's pictures have been removed from the Gallery in Vigo Street, and their place is now occupied by a series of fifty small water-colour landscapes by another member of the Royal Institute, Mr. F. G. Cotman. They have been painted during the last year in various parts of Hampshire and Sussex, and they depict the wide undulating downs, the placid rivers, and richly-wooded valleys of those counties in a very artistic and evidently faithful manner. In two or three of them effects of twilight and sunset are well rendered; but it is in representing nature under the influence of bright daylight and calm atmosphere that Mr. Cotman most excels. The spacious view of "Christchurch, from St. Catherine's Hill," "A Sunny Afternoon—Romsey," and the brilliant little study of "Iford Bridge" are remarkably good works—more subtle in their quality of colour, and more complete than anything that we have seen by him. All the drawings show excellent taste in selection of subject and point of view, as well as careful study of nature and finished workmanship.

EMIN PASHA, who is now at Zanzibar, will return to Bagamoyo to arrange his scientific collections before leaving for Egypt at the end of the month.

GAS is to be introduced into Persia. The Shah has sent to Berlin for engineers and skilled workmen to establish gasworks in the large towns throughout his dominions.



STANLEY: "Well, Emin, old fellow, this Cup of the United Kingdom Tea Company's Tea makes us forget all our troubles."  
EMIN: "So it does, my boy."

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**"STAMMERING and STUTTERING"**—Mr. Beasley's Establishments afford every accommodation for a child or ten and the adult, at fifty, including hunting, fishing, boating, cricket, lawn tennis, gymnastics, &c., and the general education of junior pupils; while his treatment is brought within the reach of all classes, non-resident pupils being provided with apartments in the neighbourhood at greatly reduced expense. Hundreds of cases, which have defied all other treatment, have been entirely cured by Mr. Beasley's system, as shown by his testimonials. Treatise forwarded on receipt of 13 stamps to B. BEASLEY, Brampton Park, near Huntingdon, or Sherwood, Willesden Lane, Brondesbury, London.

**FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS.**—Should this Advertisement be read by any one possessing old collections of 1,000 varieties and upwards, or any old stamps of the Australian Colonies, West Indies, or British Colonies generally, Mulready Envelopes, and old unused English Stamps, and wish to obtain best cash prices for same, they should send particulars, &c., to WM. BROWN, 115, Castle Street, Salisbury, who gives the best price possible.

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**SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited,** have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased stability and greater neatness to the Umbrella.

**SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited,** manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.



**BEAUTIFUL LACES.**—Copied from the Antique, Spanish, Reticellas, Punto du Milano, &c., have received the greatest praises from judges of lace in London, Brussels and Rome, also in the Queen. They are the work of very poor Irish women and girls, who earnestly desire help, which they much need. Orders have been received from many ladies of high rank and fashion, both at home and abroad, and the work gave great satisfaction. Black Laces after Antique will be made to order. Send for Patterns to Madame CHARLES, Post Office, Rathfriland, County Wicklow, Ireland.

**"FASHIONS IN FUR"**

seem to grow every year more tasteful and more artistic, and it is a certain fact that the fur garments of the present day are cut with a precision and accuracy, and fitted with an artistic skill, which were totally unknown some ten or fifteen years ago. THIS IS ESPECIALLY THE CASE AT THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE, 163 AND 198, REGENT STREET, where the latest novelties in fur garments of the best quality and smartest design may always be found.—Extract.

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**FAMILY & COMPLIMENTARY  
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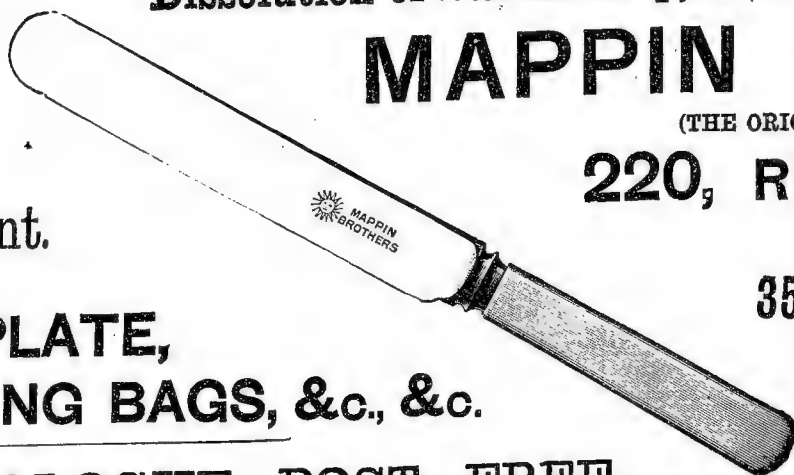
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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE is so vast, and the specialism of the specialists so overwhelming, that we cannot in a "Rural" column allow a little book which has just reached us to pass unmentioned. It is a guide to the different sorts of grasses, and its object is to classify their leaf or blade characters, so that at any season of the year a grass growing in a pasture may be readily determined on the spot by the agriculturist himself without the aid of an expert in botany. It is just the thing that boys who love the country should read, for while most lads with a love of nature know the chief trees and shrubs, and almost all know a blackbird from a thrush, there are surprisingly few who can tell the meadow-grass from the vernal, or even the cock's-foot from rye-grass. This is really a matter of some surprise, for the hardness of botanical Latin does not here apply. Foxtail and bent, oat-grass and dog's tail, fescue and cock's-foot, rye-grass and cat's tail, yarrow and vernal, are all good English; some of them very good descriptive names. The sweet scent of the vernal, the conspicuous flower of the yarrow, might at least have been expected to mark out these two sorts of meadow growths. But as a matter-of-fact it is only oat and rye-grass that are at all generally recognised, and this is through their resemblance to two regular "crops." Mr. Macalpine is the author of the little guide in question.

HUNTERS AND HACKNEYS have drawn admiring crowds to Islington, for the English love of horses shows no signs of waning. The Shire horses filled the Hall well, yet the March Show suffered in no whit from the display of later February having closely preceded it. The three divisions of the Show were those of thoroughbred sires suitable for getting hunting stock, of mares which are also calculated to breed hunters, and the third, of hackneys. The principal English winners for hunters were Mr. W. Gilbey, L. de Rothschild, Burdett Coutts, N. Clark, the Earl of Durham, G. P. Finch, R. Taylor, Sir Robert Jardine, and Mr. T. Carr. For Scotland, Mr. R. J. Mann, Sir Robert Jardine, and Mr. W. Wilson. The Elsenham Cup, presented by Mr. Gilbey for the best hackney stallion, went to Mr. Moore for his Rufus. The Championship of the younger classes was found in Mr. F. I. Cooke's three-year-old horse Edgemont. The entries this year have numbered 457 against 388 in 1889, and 236 in 1888. The increase is chiefly in thoroughbred stallions and mares, and there are also more ponies.

THE BIRMINGHAM SHORTHORN SHOW, just held, was remarkable for the good display of useful bulls. The distribution of prizes was rather wider than on recent occasions, when Mr. Sheldon, of Braile, has had almost a walk over at this Midland Show. Gloucestershire and the Lake District, this year, sent the principal winners, and the success of Cumbrian and Westmoreland breeders was an encouraging feature, as was the good show made by Cornwall.

ABERDEEN ANGUS CATTLE are now so well established, and so popular a breed, that it is no wonder their exclusion from the prize sheet of the Royal Agricultural Society leads to indignant protests. One correspondent says:—"It was not an unnatural hope that after the splendid exhibition made by Aberdeen Angus breeders at Windsor last year (when the Council of the Royal seem to have

considered no expenditure of money too great for the occasion, and when it is admitted the Blackskins added much to the interest and to the educational merit of the display of live stock), the Prize Committee would have felt justified in giving to them the same encouragement as they do to strictly local breeds, such as Norfolk Polled and Sussex Cattle." The Royal just now seems to be very strangely steered, for it was only the other day that the Council were involved in a dispute with the Corporation of Windsor, who succeeded in exacting an apology. Then came a somewhat similar dispute with the Lord Mayor, and then a dispute with Leeds, which has finally refused to comply with the requirements of the Royal, and will accordingly be passed over by them in 1891, when the Society visits Yorkshire. The Royal Show for that year will now probably take place at Doncaster.

THE DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION have decided that their Annual Excursion this year shall be to Yorkshire, with Ripon as a centre, and Wensleydale, Stockton, Middlesborough, and Cleveland as the regions to be particularly explored. The small cheese farms of Wensleydale are to have attention, and the whole visit is being organised in a very thorough manner. The Marquis of Ripon will preside at the chief gatherings.

THE BRITISH DAIRY INSTITUTE at Aylesbury begin their cheese-making season next Monday. It is a very early date, but it appears that pupils are already waiting for instruction in this branch of dairying, and as there is every wish to take those who really mean to learn the effort will be made. Last season there were so many of the pupils entered for instruction who desired to learn the systems of soft cheese-making which are taught, that this year an instructor will teach the manufacture of one or two foreign varieties which are likely to sell well in this country. There is, we believe, a good opening in this direction. Chateaufort of the real flavour cannot be made from the addition to the spirit of any English herbs, nor can we produce the wines of the Garonne by the banks of the Medway, or even of more southern Teign. But there are no such insuperable difficulties attaching to the production on English soil of Gorgonzola, of Camembert, or even of Roquefort cheese. And all these foreign sorts find a considerable market.

THE SCOTCH SPRING SALES just over have not given the satisfactory results which were looked for. A by-sale at Aberdeen was remarkable for the large number of young bulls offered at a comparatively low price. Buyers were backward, and 70 out of 205 young bulls were unsold. Inverness did better, especially for short-horns, but at Perth shorthorns met with a dull sale, except the special bulls from Lord Lovat's farms. These averaged 42l. 5s. a head. At Forres 45 young shorthorn bulls fetched an average of 20l. 5s. 7d. a-piece, which was not a big price. At Elgin 22 fetched 20l. 16s. 7d. a-piece, which was rather better. There has been a fairly good demand for cows and heifers of a good class, but prices as compared with last spring have been more often lower than higher on the year.

MARCH WEATHER NOTES.—The month came in with greater cold than had prevailed since the New Year. At Beckenham 25 deg. of frost were registered on the grass; in London 15 deg. at Greenwich and 17 deg. at Regent's Park. Remarkably cold weather for that warm and showery region prevailed in Cornwall and Scilly. The flower-gardens of Tresco and St. Mary's were threatened by a fall of the thermometer to 39 deg., but the menace passed, and by the 8th sunshine and warmth had again asserted their power, to be followed by warm rain. The old advice on St. David's Day to "put oats and barley in the clay" was not taken this year on the actual date as the ground was too frozen; but a week later it began to find acceptance, as did the counsel to put in

peas at the same time. A certain quantity of beans were put in during the last fortnight of February. The night of the 8th in London and many other places was extremely windy, but it was not the typical easterly drying breeze of the month. The gale blew strong from the south-west, and brought with it plenty of rain. We have not yet repeated our observations of three previous years, which run: 1874, March 8th, first butterfly seen on the wing (*G. Rhamni*); 1879, March 9th, ditto (*G. Rhamni* and *V. Urtice*); 1870, March 10th, ditto (*G. Rhamni*). The yellow pinions of the Brimstone are as sure an English herald of spring as are the yellow daffodils of the garden.



## II.

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSLAER contributes to the *Century* for March an article, illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, on "Gloucester Cathedral." Of Gloucester, this lady observes that it is quaint, but lively—the antique and the modern living on side by side, in a union as different from the dead-yesterday-mood of many continental cities, as from the crude to-day of America. Here we feel what England really means in a very many-sided way; and, just as we should wish, the Cathedral is typically English in general effect, yet distinctly individual and local in all its parts.—Mr. John La Farge's "From Tokio to Nikko: An Artist's Letters from Japan," maintains the promise of the first instalment, and is accompanied by some taking illustrations of Japanese rustic scenery.

There is a supplement to *Harper* for March, entitled "The Making of a Great Magazine," which consists of an inquiry into the past and the future of *Harper's Magazine*, and contains specimen illustrations and a partial analysis of the contents in recent years. The conductors of the periodical especially pride themselves on having been the means of introducing many distinguished English writers to the American public. They tell us that "Bleak House," and the famous Dickens "Christmas Stories," "Little Dorrit," and "Our Mutual Friend," appeared in *Harper*, besides Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip," his "Denis Duval"—not to speak of works by Bulwer, George Eliot, and Trollope.

"Australia from Another Point of View," in *Macmillan*, is scarcely complimentary to our kinsfolk at the Antipodes, though it is to be feared that the contentions of the writer rest on a certain basis of fact. The writer maintains that the privilege of lending them money is the one return that we can expect from the Australian colonies. They are unwilling to receive our emigrants, they do their best to exclude our manufactures, and they are ready at all times to embroil us with foreign Powers for the petty, ephemeral ends of their statesmen. All this, and much more, does this writer bring in charge against Australians.—Mr. George Saintsbury has a good literary paper on "Twenty Years of Political Satire," and there is an amusing article of the same type on "The Naming of Novels;" while Mr. Rudyard Kipling gives us another capital Indian story, "The Courting of Dinah Shadd."

Temple Bar's biographical paper this month is on "Edward Fitzgerald;" while it also contains two good descriptive articles, "Notes on Stockholm" and "The True History of Milford."

In the *Newbury House Magazine*, Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams begins a biographical series of articles entitled "Eminent Churchmen." The first part deals with the life and work of Keble.



JAS. MCKENZIE, corporal Royal Engineers, Chatham, was nearly crazy with neuralgia in his face and head. St. Jacobs Oil was applied, and the pain ceased at once as if by magic.

St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands of cases of neuralgia, which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime.

### THIS is our friend who doesn't know

there is a cure for Neuralgia. Poor fellow! so he sits there and hates himself and everybody, even his mother-in-law, while he hugs his face with hot cloths, and occasionally says swear words. He says Neuralgia is a thing to read about, not to experience, and he is going to have all his false teeth out, 'o see if that won't stop it; if he would only invest 2s. 6d. in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil his Neuralgia would leave him at once, for St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia instantly; it never fails.

Mrs. D. COAST, of Greve Cottage, Sandway, Maidstone, Kent Co., says:—"The second bottle of St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of two years' standing."

MR. FURNIVAL, Master, British Schools, Marshfield, says:—"Having suffered from neuralgia, I was quickly and permanently cured by one application of St. Jacobs Oil, after all other remedies had failed."

L. A. COWAP, Chemist, of Church Street, Medhurst, says:—"I had an opportunity a few days ago of seeing St. Jacobs Oil used in a case of facial neuralgia, and I must say that the effect was instantaneous, the pain entirely disappearing in a few minutes."

For more than nine months Mr. HARRY L. AGNUE, carpenter in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, suffered from neuralgia in the head. He could obtain no relief, but a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and cured him.

Mr. T. BANN, 45, Stonehill Street, Anfield, Liverpool, says:—"I have tried St. Jacobs Oil for Neuralgia, and the pain left me after one rubbing."

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## HORNY HAND & BUSY BRAIN.



How now, Horny Hand,  
Toiling in the Crowd,  
What is there in thee or thine,  
That thou scornest me and mine,  
Looking down so proud?  
Thou art the bee! and I'm the drone!

Not so—Horny Hand!  
Many a noble heart,  
Many a REGAL HEAD,  
Labours for our native land,  
Harder than the horniest hand  
For its daily bread.

C. MACRAY.

### NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."  
—MILTON.  
THE VICTORIAN REIGN is unparalleled in the history of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!  
**ABOVE ALL!!! A FEARLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND UNFLINCHING TRUTHFULNESS!**

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE!  
The Condition laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these—  
Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-Respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.  
Such incentives, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character in EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE.—EMILY.

SHAKESPEARE "Come the four corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: new-bell shall make us rue."  
IF ENGLAND TO HERSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.  
THE PIVOT OF DUTY—Sterling Honesty of Purpose; without it Life is a sham.

THE GREAT DANGER OF SUGAR, PINK or CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET, or ACIDULATED SHERBET MASKED WITH SUGAR.—Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, or acidulated sherbet masked with sugar, mild ales, port wine, dark old wine, racy diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

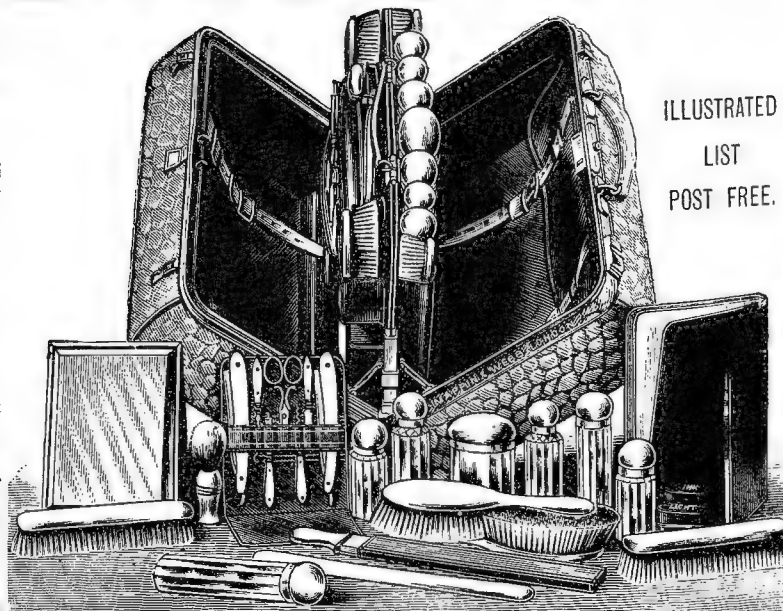
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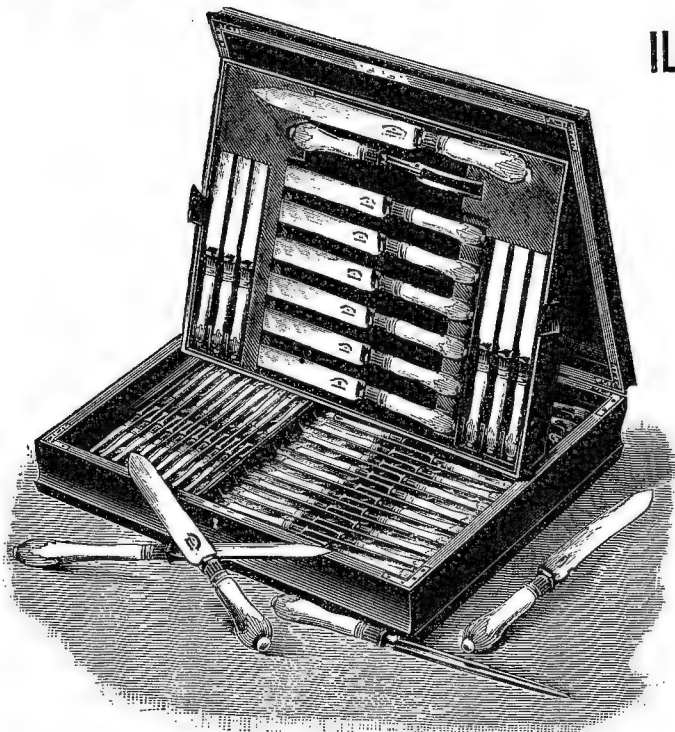
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Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in Rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, Acorn Design, £3 15s. Six in Case, £5 15s.



Service of Table and Cheese Knives, completely fitted in Polished Mahogany or Walnut Case, lined Cloth, as illustrated.  
Contents:  
2 dozen Table Knives; 1 pair (each 8 in. and 9 in.) Meat Carvers; 1 Bread Knife.  
2 dozen Cheese Knives; 2 pairs Game Carvers; 1 Steel.  
These Knives are fitted with the finest African Ivory Handles, beautifully carved as illustrated, with Solid Silver Ferules.  
Price, complete, £38 10s.



Engraved Cut-Glass Claret Jug, Sterling Silver Mounts, £4 15s.



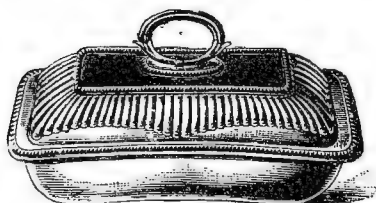
Handsomely Chased and Fluted, with Coloured Globe and Chimney, and Duplex Burner. Height, 21 in. Electro-Silver, £5 5s.



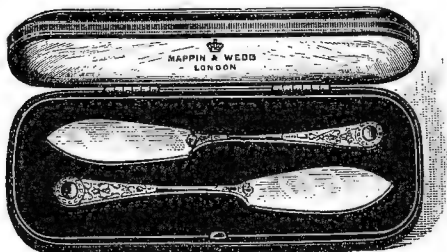
Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with glass lining, 12s. 6d.



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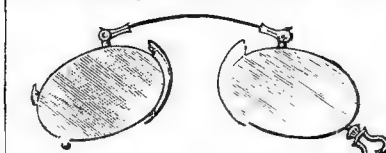
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# THE GRAPHIC

326

Captain Charles King contributes its "complete story" to this month's *Lippincott*.—Mr. Marshall P. Wilder has a lot of pleasant things to say about us under the heading "Our English Cousins." He observes in one place: "Instead of being glum and unhappy, as most of our tourists imagine them, the English give more time and attention to their enjoyments than any other respectable people in the world. They do not crave excitement like some Americans, but genuine enjoyment—rest for the body, and gratification for the eye and palate, they do love, and they spare no efforts to obtain it."—The Hon. Roden Noel writes prettily in a poem of "Love."

There is a bright little paper in the *English Illustrated*, by Mr. Grant Allen, on "A Submerged Village," describing Llanwddyn, now swallowed up by the devouring waters of the Vyrnwy Lake. The illustrations of the vanished hamlet-valley, by Mr. W. Biscoombe Gardner, have a pathetic interest.—Mr. Arthur J. Knowles has a useful short article on "The Forth Bridge;" and there are those to whom Mrs. J. E. Pantou's illustrated contribution on "Cats and Kittens" will be good reading.

Mr. Ernest Bromley's picture, "Saved," forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*.—Mr. Edward F. Brewtall, R.W.S., gives us an agreeable article on "Winter in the Country," illustrated from his own drawings.—Of a more urban interest is "The Imperial Institute," by Sir Somers Vine, with five illustrations by Mr. T. E. Colcutt, the architect.

The domestic subject chosen by Mr. Frederick Dolman (whose article on "Lady Hallé" in last month's issue we erroneously attributed to Mrs. Frederick Dolman), for his paper in the *Woman's World* this month is "Lady Sandhurst At Home." Lady Sandhurst comes of a Conservative family—the Fellowes, of Shotesham Park, Norfolk—and she pathetically remarked to the writer as he was bidding her good-bye, "I don't know what some of my older friends think of me; very dreadful things, I dare say."—A question of chronic importance and worry is ably discussed by Miss Alice King under the heading, "A Word About Mistresses and Servants."

In *Atalanta* Miss L. Toulmin Smith has "Two Extremes in Russia," in which, among the rest, the charms of the Crimea are recommended to the attention of roving English tourists.—Mrs. Creighton writes well on "Home Education."

*L'Algérie Artistique* is the title of an illustrated review published by M. Gervais Courtellemont, of Algiers. The first number before us promises well for the whole work. In the course of the year the matter will amount to some three hundred pages of letterpress, and there will appear from a hundred to a hundred and fifty vignettes, with about forty-eight photographs. They will illustrate landscapes, historic monuments, and indigenous human types. The price for the year's numbers is forty-six francs.

We have received No. 9 of *Dignitaries of the Church*, which contains this month well-executed portraits of the Bishop of Albany, Bishop Crowther, and the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn. It is published by Messrs. Hatchard, and its price is half-a-crown. It is a very handsomely-mounted production.

A serial publication of a very similar character is *Our Celebrities*, a portrait gallery of which this March number is the twenty-first. We have here fine pictures of the Duke of Orleans, Mr. Ritchie, and the Canon Farrar. It is edited by Walery, photographer to the Queen, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. Its price, too, is half-a-crown.

Messrs. H. Grevel and Co. publish, in monthly parts at a shilling each, the *Classical Picture Gallery*. Each number contains some dozen prints from works of old masters, chiefly of foreign schools.



**THE TURF.**—Backers of horses with doubtful entries were put out of their misery before the end of last week. Modèle is duly entered, it appears, for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and Why Not for the Grand National. But Roquefort, Gamecock, and Dictator are disqualified for the latter event, and L'Abbesse de Jouarre for the former and several other races. At the time of writing, Ilex was still favourite for the Grand National, and Sweetbriar for the Lincolnshire.

Several well-known performers took part in the races at Kempton Park, which, after being postponed from Tuesday, March 4th, duly came off on Saturday and Monday last. The principal event on the first day was the Champion Hurdle Handicap, which attracted sixteen runners. Of these, the best proved to be Captain L. H. Jones's Theodolite, a son of Arbitration and Miss Theo, and a worthy half-brother to Theosophist and Theophilus. Papyrus was second and Castilian third. In the Stewards' Steeplechase Handicap Johnny Longtail defeated his solitary opponent, Swinton. Next day Gamecock showed a touch of his old form in the March Handicap Steeplechase, and Bellona (whose entry for the Grand National, by the way, seems to be all right) cut down a big field in the Littleton Handicap Hurdle Race. At Croydon on Tuesday the principal event was the Grand International Hurdle Race, in which Waterproof, Promoter, and Brownie were the placed horses; while on Wednesday the Wickham Hurdle Race fell to Papyrus, and in the United Kingdom Steeplechase Gamecock was again successful. —A Midnight Steeplechase, the competitors being clothed in the orthodox white nightshirts, is said to have been run on Monday near Melton Mowbray.—In the current number of the *New Review* Lord Durham replies to the somewhat optimistic remarks on the subject of the turf recently made by Mr. James Lowther. We are quite with his lordship in his attack upon assumed names. Either racing is a disreputable pursuit or it is not. If it is, then no one should have anything to do with it; if it is not, then no one should be ashamed to sail under his true

colours.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry R. Villiers, father of the well-known special artist of *The Graphic*, Mr. F. Villiers. He was a keen enthusiast for sport, and was greatly respected in racing and other circles.

**FOOTBALL.**—In the London Association Senior Challenge Cup Competition the Old Westminsters on Saturday defeated the Royal Arsenal in the final tie by a goal to love. As last year, the "final" of the Cup will be fought out between a Lancashire and Midland Rovers (winners in 1884-5-6) defeated Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Sheffield Wednesday (a further protest against whom by Notts County had been dismissed) Bolton Wanderers. Of other matches we may note that the Corinthians (who were disappointed of some of their best players) went down for the second time this season before Preston North End, that Stoke has dispossessed Burnley from holding the "wooden spoon" of the League, and that, as usual, Charterhouse has beaten Westminster.—Rugbywise we may note that, for the third year in succession, the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup has gone to St. Thomas's, who, on Tuesday, defeated "Bart's" in the final; that Blackheath (though without Stoddart, who hopes, however, to be well enough to play against Ireland to-day) defeated Manchester, and that Salford went down before Swinton.

**BILLIARDS.**—Coles, the Champion of the Midlands, who has come to live in London, did a remarkable performance last week. He played twelve 500-up games with Collins spot-barred, and won them all. Roberts made mincemeat of Mitchell, who, owing to an injury to his arm, was in no sort of form. This week the Champion is endeavouring to give Richards 5,000 in 15,000 on a Championship table. On the very first day he broke a record by making twenty-six consecutive spot-strokes. He is also matched to give Peall 4,500 out of 12,000 on an ordinary table, spot-barred. The latter is this week playing Dowland at the Aquarium.

**ROWING.**—Both the University eights are now upon the Thames; and both crews will row in boats built by Clasper, who has usually been the favoured maker of late years.—Matters on and Kemp met for the Sculling Championship of the World on April 25th. The winner will then have to tackle O'Connor, who has arrived in Sydney.

**FISHING.**—In view of the claim put forward by a lady to the exclusive right of angling in Bray Reach, a Committee has been formed to protect the rights of the public and fight the case. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. J. D. M. Pearce, the Mayor of Maidenhead, or paid into the Thames Angling Defence Fund account at the London and County Bank.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Lord Dunraven has received two challenges from American yacht-owners for a race against the *Valkyrie*, which is now being prepared for her summer campaign.—Cambridge defeated Oxford at golf.—An athletic contest between Cambridge and the United Hospitals resulted in the Light Blues winning eight out of nine events. This looks well for their chances against Oxford on the 25th.

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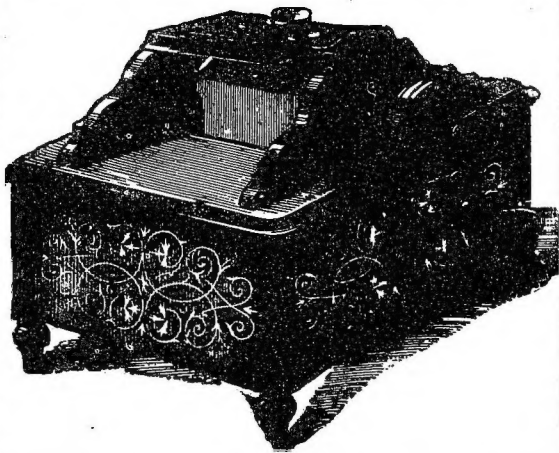
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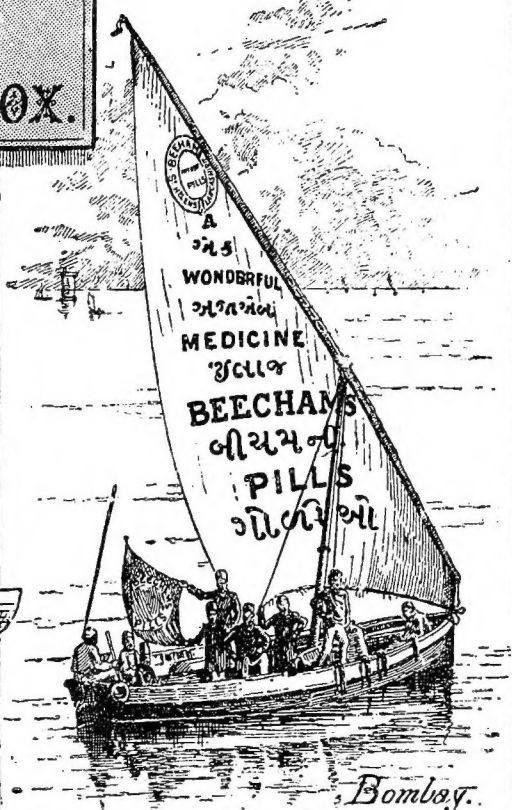
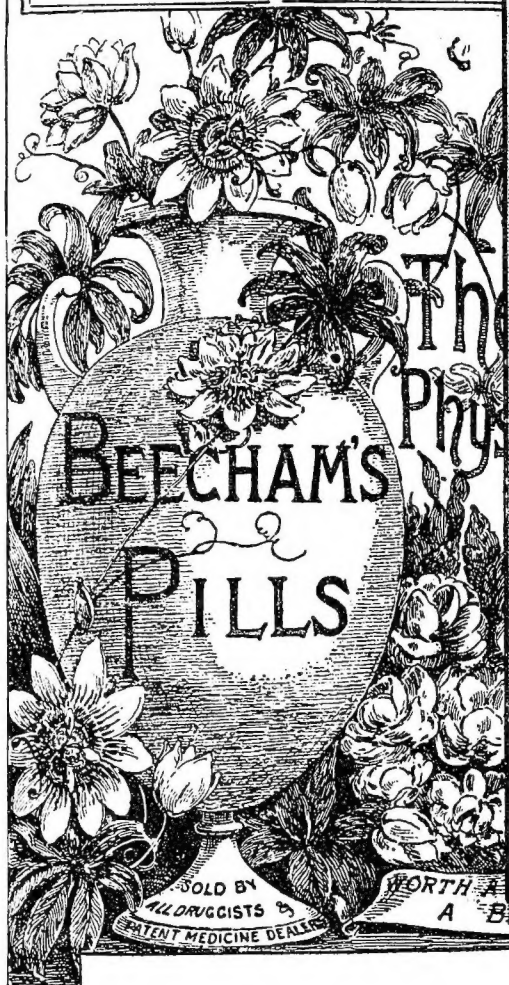
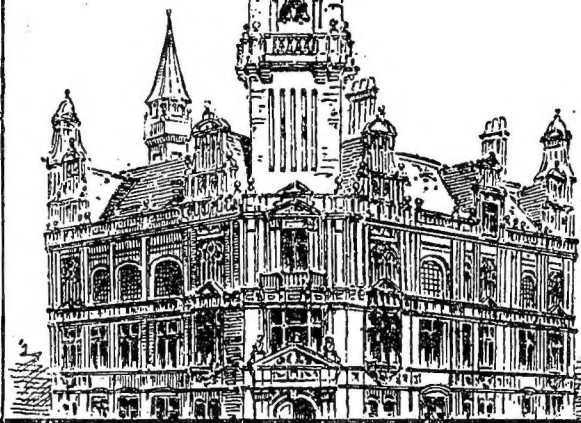
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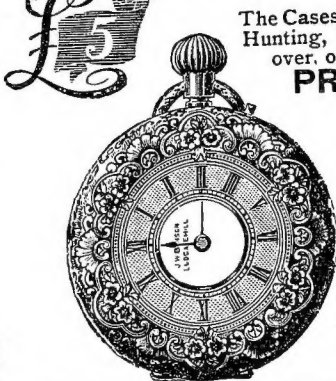
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NEW Vernon Checks, double width -	2/6 to 2/6
NEW Lake Cheviots -	1/6 to 3/11
NEW Spingal Plaids -	2/11 to 3/11
NEW Art Cashmeres -	1/11 to 2/6
NEW Shades in Velling -	10/4 to 1/0
NEW Universal Tweeds -	8/4 to 10/4
Art Alpacas -	1/11 to 3/11

### NOVELTIES IN WASHING FABRICS.

	PER YARD.
NEW Spanish Lawns -	8/4 to 10/4
NEW Telephone Zephyrs -	8/4 to 10/4
NEW Bracton Tennis -	10/4 to 10/4
NEW Aleno Figures -	6/4 to 8/4
NEW Shadow Cashmeres -	1/3 to 1/6
NEW Art de Laines -	1/2 to 1/6
NEW Talequone -	1/4 to 1/6
NEW Tosca Zephyrs -	1/4 to 1/6
NEW Cantil Brays -	1/4 to 1/6
NEW Odena Cloth -	1/3 to 1/6
NEW Burma Zephyrs -	9/4 to 10/4
NEW Jorga Zephyrs -	4/4 to 8/4
NEW Doris Zephyrs -	8/4 to 10/4
NEW Spring Cambrics -	6/4 to 8/4
NEW Satin Foulards -	1/1 to 1/4
NEW Gros Grain Florals -	1/1 to 1/4
NEW Boating Twills -	6/4 to 8/4
NEW Art Speditions -	8/4 to 10/4

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	PER YARD.		PER YARD.
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Faille Française -	2/11 to 3/11	Shot Silks, also Figures -	1/6 to 2/11
Maccos Silks -	2/6 to 3/9	Moire and Ottoman Silks -	2/6 to 8/9
Fancy Pongees -	2/6 to 3/11	Silk Velvet and Plushes at old prices.	

## NOVELTIES



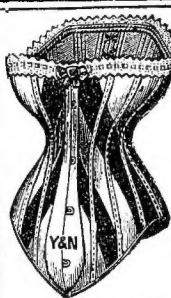
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A specially constructed Belt Corset for Ladies inclined to embonpoint.  
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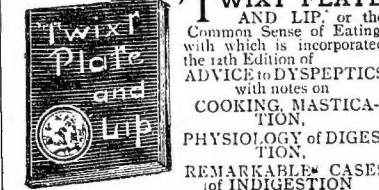
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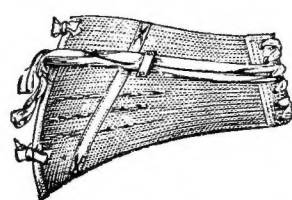
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Send size of waist, with P.O.O. on 174, Sloane Street.

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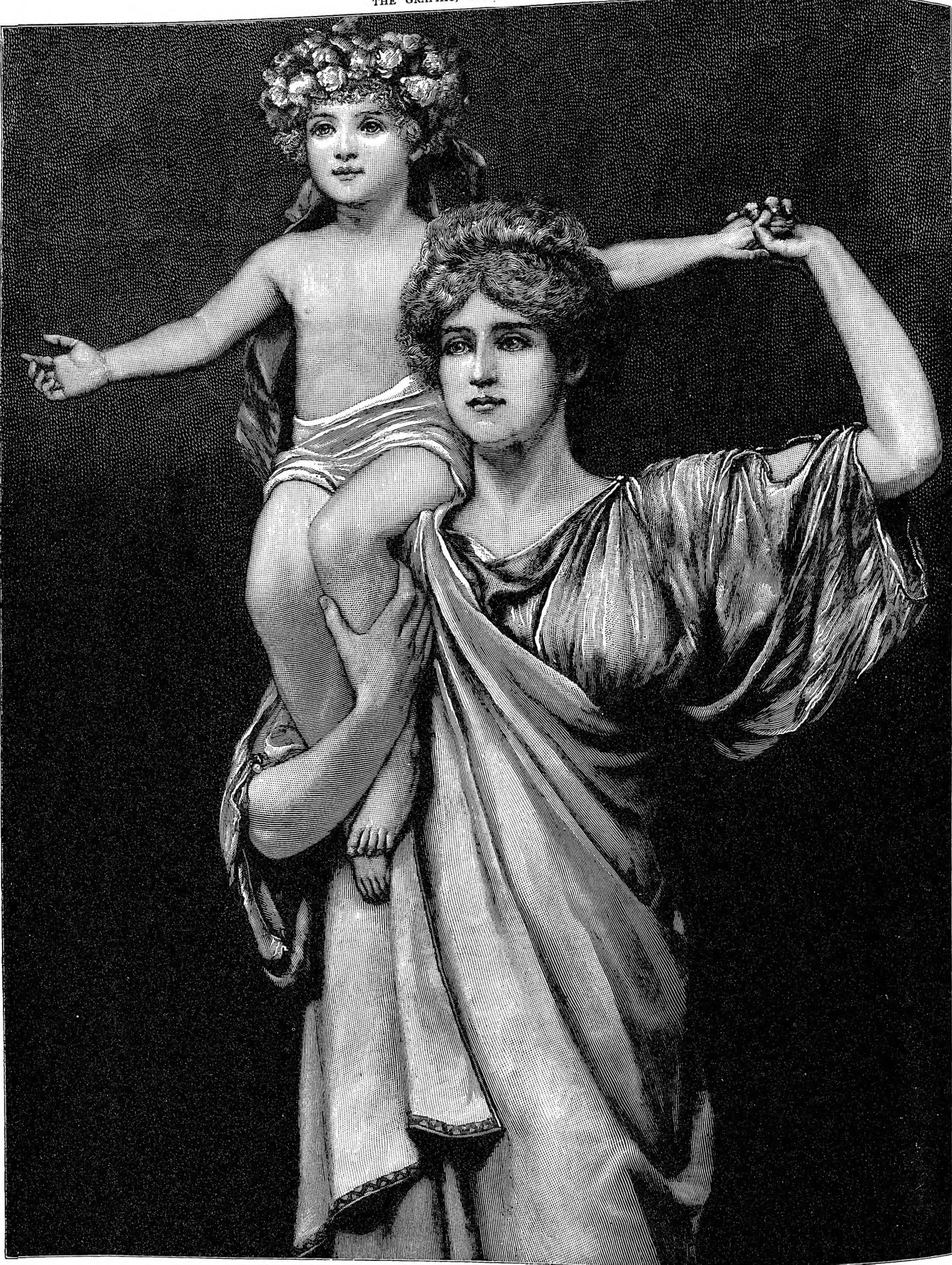
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